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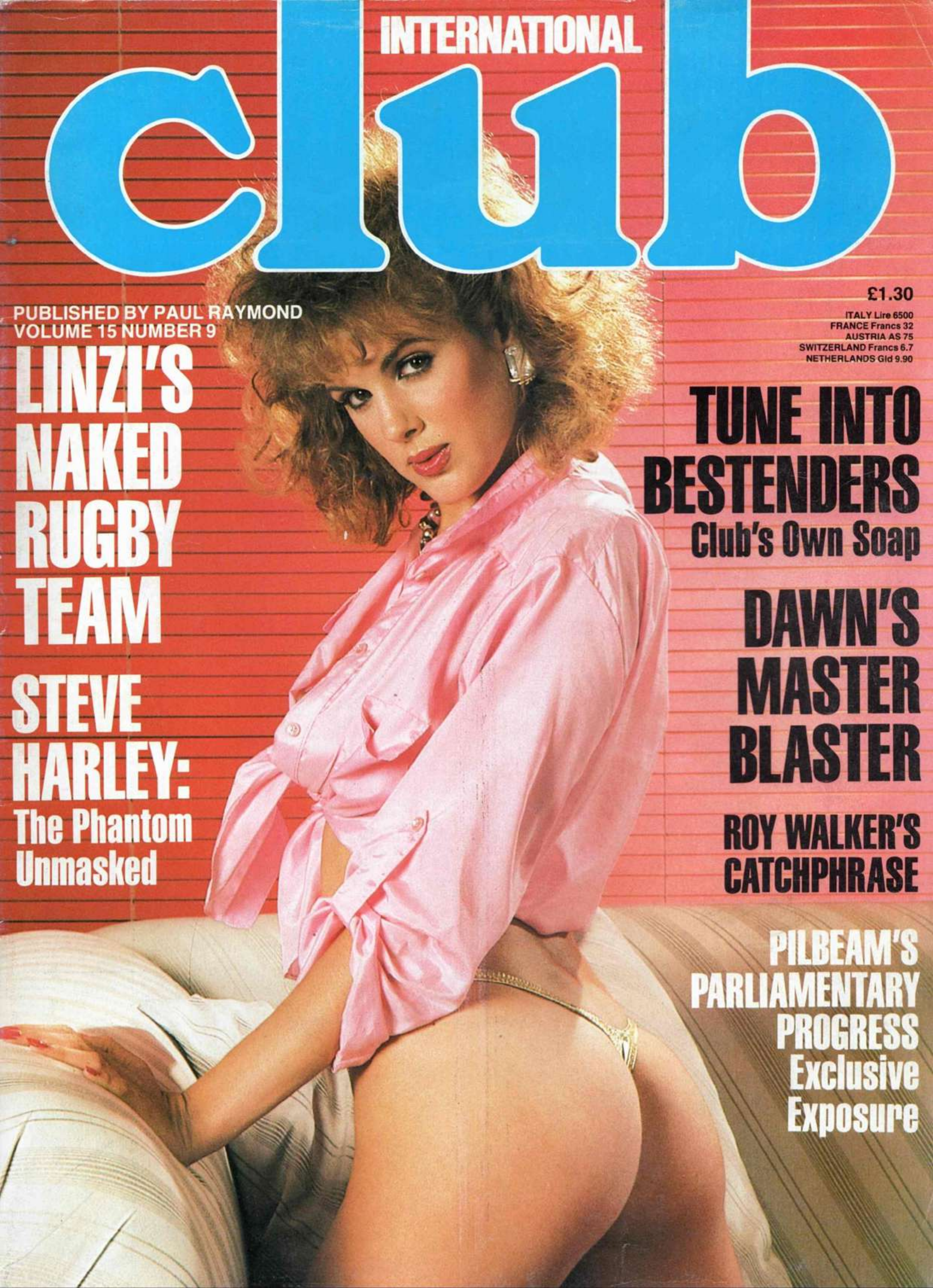

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STEVE HARLEY:
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DAWN'S MASTER BLASTER

ROY WALKER'S CATCHPHRASE

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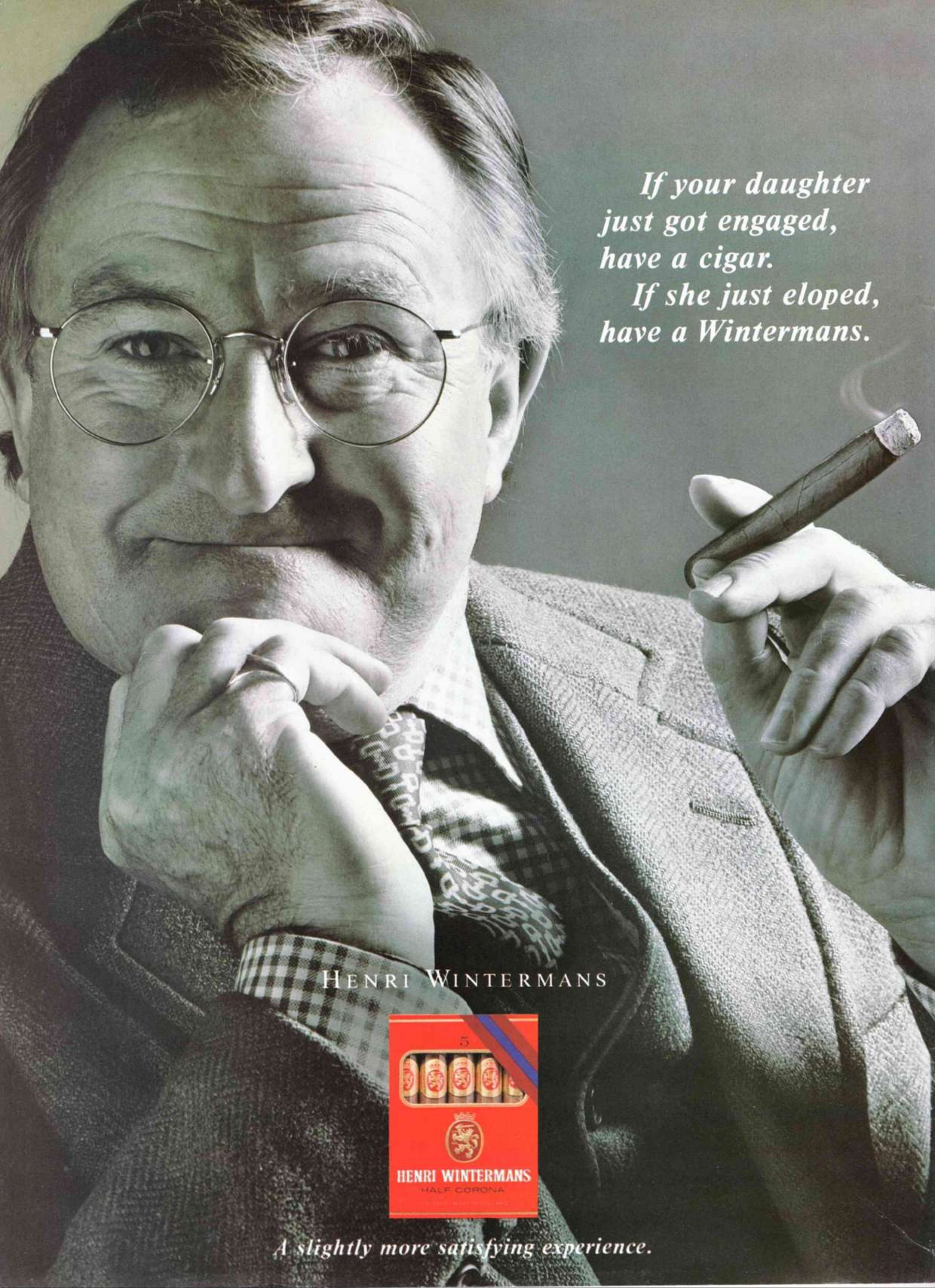
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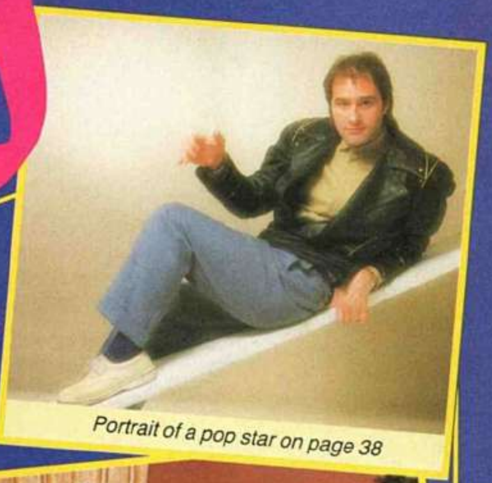

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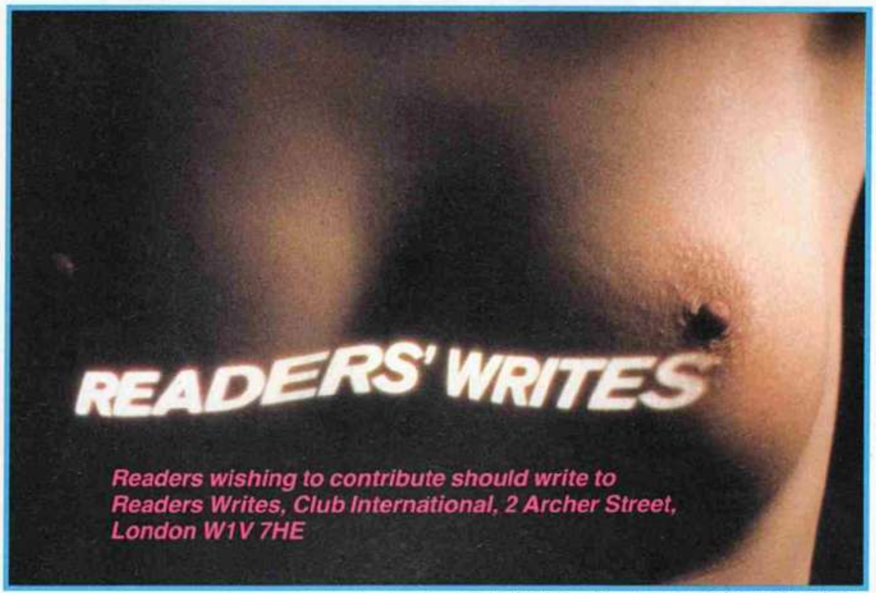


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Sexy Sisters?

Issues Vol 15 No 1 and No 5 have set me thinking. When I saw No 1, I was struck by the resemblance of Kim to Linzi Drew. I'd thought about writing to you then, but I fully expected others to comment on it: no one did.

It went out of my mind, only to return on seeing No 5. Are they any relation? The likeness is uncanny. In fact, I thought it was Linzi on the cover of that issue.

They have the same sultry look; the long, patrician nose; the high cheekbones; the sexy, pouting lips. I don't know how they compare on height, but they both look equally tall, with long, slim legs. Even their nipples are quite similar!

Put me out of my misery and tell me Kim is Linzi's sister. *Ian, Staffordshire*

Two of a kind – and what a kind – they may be, but the family trees of Kim and Linzi are in completely different forests. – Ed.

Full Blooms

A recent correspondent complained that Club girls were becoming too smooth and I am inclined to agree with him, although an occasional shaven pussy makes a nice change. Dawn Beaven's pictures in Vol 15 No. 4 are rather sweet. She has a pretty little cunt and has taken the trouble to depilate it nicely.

My complaint is against the half-shaven beauties who grace your pages. It seems to be the fashion now for models to clip, trim, shave or pluck themselves from clitoris to arsehole, leaving a bizarre tuft at the front to proclaim their puberty. What has happened to those thick, curly bushes which used to spread across the belly, down between the thighs and out through the bum cheeks behind? Let's have some real girls with a full natural growth, preferably brunette, for a change.

JF, Bucks

A horny double-take – Kim and Linzi

Foot Fault?

Woe, woe and thrice woe! Today is a cause for celebration *and* tribulation! I picked up a newspaper in the hairdresser's and saw a Page Three girl doing a foot shot.

T'was today, dearest guardians of my general health, that I saw this lass from Leicester, and the blurb gave strong reference to her lovely feet! Agony, dear readers, to see Club beaten to it by a daily tabloid.

What is to be done, brothers and sisters? What is to be done?! *Ernie, Devon*

Taking Vol 15 No 6 as a random example, there are at least eight pictures where feet lovers should be salivating, if not breaking out into a cold sweat. That's not bad going! – Ed.

Student Memories

I thought your readers might be interested in this extract from one of my old diaries I recently uncovered. It dates from when I was a student in 1977 . . .

He removed his jacket and tie and lay on the bed. No seduction from Martin; the unspoken assumption that we would sleep together.

.'I wonder if that body of yours is as sexy as I remember it? Show me – unless you've turned prudish in your old age!' The hard edge to his voice belied the open smile on his face and I felt fear, fear that I knew would heighten my sexual awareness!

The room felt suddenly hot. This was what he wanted and I wouldn't try to stop him. I reached behind me and unzipped my skirt. It fell freely to the floor. My fingers had begun to shake a little as I undid the tiny buttons on the blouse and let it slide softly down my arms. I bent down to take off my shoes and had taken a hold of the hem of my slip as I straightened up.

'Leave it,' he almost snapped. 'Leave it on – come here and undress me.'

He lay back and let me undress him completely. His cock was very hard, bigger than I remembered. I didn't touch him until he was naked, then I knelt at the side of the bed and began to gently stroke his rock-hard member. He slid a cool hand down the bodice of my slip and his fingers spread over my hanging breast. 'No. You're not a prude yet, my love; you still enjoy the feel of a big prick in your hand!'

His long fingers gripped my soft flesh, and the hard palm of his hand pushed against my tender, swollen nipple, making me gasp as he spread my breasts flat against my ribcage.

'The greatest tits I've ever known – let's see what my prick feels like wrapped in that lovely cleavage!'

I climbed dumbly on to the bed and knelt either side of his hips. But before I could do anything, he rolled me over until it was he who kneeled above me, facing my feet. His knees were each side of my shoulders.

He reached for a jar of cream at the bedside and began to smear the slick ointment over and between my breasts, reaching under the lacy bodice and making my slip all sticky and damp.

I was getting very turned on; my legs were now lying widespread and my knees raised as I felt them tremble and twitch. His hanging balls were inches above my face, hairy and wrinkled skin swinging slightly as he dipped the head of his prick into the valley between my breasts and slid down. As his hard prick slid across my soft, sticky flesh, he placed his hands on top of the slip, over my heaving breasts and lifted them closer, trapping his prick and squeezing tighter and tighter!

I was forced to twist my head back as his backside came to rest on my upper body, and I could feel his spiky hairs rubbing across me as he drew his prick slowly back and forth.

Although I was very turned on by now, I was getting no real stimulation where I needed it. And, as my arms were trapped against my sides, I could not reach between my legs where I ached to be touched. I wept with the need to rub my throbbing clitoris. He was using me to masturbate. We

continued on page 6

KRIS

Kris' sexy casualness is decept
This month's super centre
makes modelling look as i
comes so easily, but it's hard w
and hard work alone that's
Kris at the top. Conscientious
degree, Kris takes her ca
seriously, even to the extent
rehearsing – 'alone with my b
friend' – those special poses wh
give such groin-stirring deligh
us raving punters! But curiou
no one could claim Kris' 32-2
physique was made for glam
photography: it's purely and s
ply (a) that she works at it and
photographs (we are reliably
formed) 'like a dream.'

irl Talk

Kris . . . the name seems strangely familiar. Where, we asked this doe-eyed 20-year-old from Folkestone, had we heard it before? 'Kris was just about the fastest horse over a mile this century,' she explained, spreading her legs so wide for young Charles' 'prying' lens, it looked positively painful. 'Furthermore, he's hugely successful at stud. In fact there's a Kris yearling at the farm adjoining my parents' place down on the coast. That Kris can know and appreciate such finery proves her talents are many and varied. We're sure she could make a go of it in far loftier lines of business – but if glamour modelling is what turns her on, who are we to grumble? **Not at all, going by the evidence on page 44 . . .**

KIM

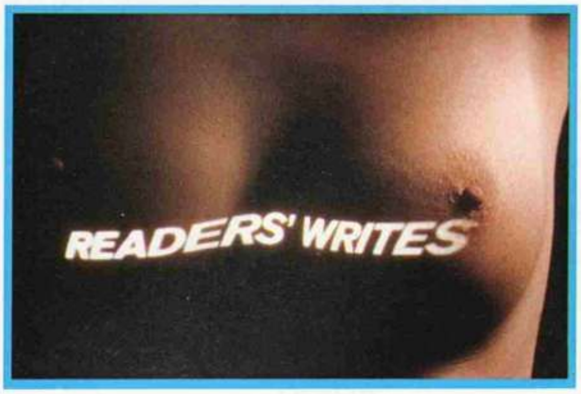
Like ordinary mortals, glamour models need to relax. Some just lie in the sunshine or simply listen to music in their little *pieds-à-terre* in and around W1 and W2. But the majority, like Kim, find plenty of time for sport. At 25, you'd be forgiven for thinking her super looks have little to fear from the ravages of the occasional late night or three-course meal at her favourite French restaurant – but Kim insists she's in mortal danger of her sensational curves turning dumpling-like overnight: 'There's no shortage of fatties in my family and I know I've just GOT to live a healthy lifestyle to preserve my figure.' Kim's Maltesers ad-like way of life includes swimming marathons, twice-weekly judo lessons and yoga, as well as the obligatory jogging. But, if her work schedule is anything to go by, then all this arduous sinew-stretching is really paying off for Club's blonde bombshell. Not only is Kim booked solid until the end of the year, but she's on the shortlist for a big-name car accessory firm's calendar in '87, which would automatically – if you'll pardon the motoring vernacular – make her one of Britain's top-earning models. Fantastic, if she pulls it off. **But every bit as fantastic seeing the lovely Kim pull THEM off on page 8!**

VICTORIA

Now there's a thought. While the likes of you and I are bullshitting the night away at the local boozer, standing in the pouring rain waiting for a No. 173 or watching re-runs of *Albion Market* ('Hand me the Colt 45 – no, the *gun*'), somebody, somewhere is sharing a bed with Victoria. You're right – it shouldn't be allowed. The daughter of a former Panamanian ambassador, Victoria has remarkably womanly qualities for an 18-year-old, no doubt helped by her privileged social background, a spell at Swiss finishing school, and, not least, her astonishing height: a six-foot-one female of Victoria's looks can ONLY command fawning respect! Currently a resident of Paris, Victoria works in a museum research department, cataloguing Old Master drawings and supervising restoration contracts – but few of her close coterie of friends think her future lies in the pursuit of the academic. A respected columnist recently wrote of her: 'She seems destined to a career in movies. It's just a matter of time before a suitable offer comes her way.' How nice, to flit through life awaiting a proposition from Roger Vadim or Aaron Spelling! Meanwhile, we are please to report, Victoria feels thrilled to drop her perfumed panties for Club, earning a few tax-free pounds sterling along the way. It's a hard world, to be sure, although **it's easy enough to turn to page 55!**

MAGGIE

When we reported, re Maggie's previous appearance in Club, that this superbly shapely young American Ms from San Antonio, Texas was attending 'a London drama school' to brush up on her English accent 'for a new TV soap opera', we completely failed to realize Maggie was in line for a major rôle in the much-publicised 'Soap To End All Soaps' in the company of Page Three poseurs and a phalanx of lesser Royals, no less. Now this (yet to be titled) SuperSoap is about to go into production, we look forward to seeing if Maggie has made it all the way. Meanwhile her X-rated transparencies are going straight into the Club International strongbox with a view to securing a 'celebrity nude' feature in a future issue! However, there's no such thing as a certainty in the wacky world of media hype. Not only have the producers of this potentially momentous contribution to culture (bucket please, Nigel) encountered 'contractual difficulties' with the proposed leading lady and incurred the wrath of the actors' unions with their plan to use American actors on British locations . . . but marvellous Maggie has gone and fallen in love with a French economics student and swears even the promise of superstardom is insufficient to lure her away from her St Germain lovenest. Our advice? Take the money, darling. They're crying out for economists on Malibu Beach . . . **And our advice to you is to check out page 75.**



continued from page 5

weren't making love; I was a passive tool for his pleasure – 'a masturbation doll', I kept thinking!

He really was enjoying the sensations which my warm flesh – and perhaps the damp, slithering, perfumed silk of my slip – was giving and he worked away, silently and steadily, for ages. I had begun to drift into a sort of dream state, barely aware of what was happening to me when, with a sudden groan, his prick spurted and its white cream spread warm and sticky over my belly.

'Now for you!' he grunted, climbing off my shoulders and lowering himself between my opened thighs, his prick still long and dribbling semen.

I was taken aback by the sudden assault on my vagina and let out a wailing scream as his half-softened, wet prick slid quickly and easily into me. By the time he had withdrawn and begun to push into me a second time, his prick was as hard as ever, forcing apart my cunt walls and prodding deep within me as I arched my back and rammed my hips to meet his.

My fists beat on the bed as I groaned out my private ecstasy while he lunged into me. With my back arched high off the bed, he pumped his semen into my shuddering belly.

This whole assault took no longer to happen than it has taken to read, and we collapsed together, both gasping for breath. He slept as we lay clasped together on top of the crumpled bedding while I tried to hold back my sobbing tears and gazed into the blank darkness of the hotel bedroom.

Jo, Cheshire

Ta-ta, Thailand

I read with much interest Linzi's Bangkok article (Vol 15 No 4). I returned from there myself just five weeks ago. It was my second visit. Last year I spent a week in each of the following: Bangkok, Pattaya and Patong Beach on Phoket Island. Patong is a very mini-mini Pattaya.

My experience with the girls in Patong is that they do not like sex in quantity. Once a night and quick as you can is OK. But they look after you in other ways.

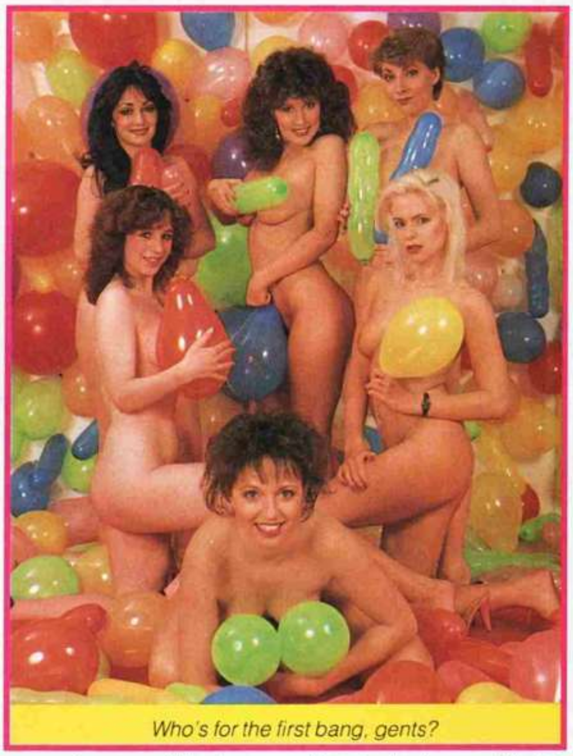
This year, after ten days, I took a friend's advice and shot off to the Philippines. Wow! No more Thailand for me. The women are better-looking, everybody speaks better English and their longhand certainly puts me at the bottom of the class.

They are Roman Catholic as opposed to the Thais, who are Buddhists – perhaps this is why three or four times a day (24 hours) they delight us.

I had a few days in Manila then motored north to Angeles City. There are so many girls in approximately 400 clubs, that if they have a customer once a fortnight, that's OK. The information and experience I had in my stay would take far too long to pen here – and the scores and scores of photographs I took . . . mmm!

Bangkok and Thailand? Old hat. Hell, am I looking forward to my next January's holiday – that is if President Aquino doesn't alter things. I have already had letters from three delightful girls.

CB, Gwent



Who's for the first bang, gents?

Hide And Cheek

I bought Club International for the first time a few weeks ago, and I picked it solely to prove (or try to) to my girlfriend that I wasn't kinky or weird!

I wanted her to wear her leather jacket when we fuck: nothing else, just the leather. She's got legs all the way up to her chin, and gorgeous, round 36-inch breasts. She wears this blouson-type leather jacket that curves under her sexy ass. To walk behind her and see that leather-covered butt going from side to side gives me a hard-on without even thinking about the rest of her body.

I get even more hard over girls in leather. She thought I wanted to dress her in leather undies or something – no thanks. I've never been an undies man: I like to see what I'm getting! But leather gets my tool even harder. So many more girls are wearing leather jackets, skirts and even jeans that I'm almost permanently hard these days. The sight of a shapely figure with a couple of nice mounds pushing against a leather jacket makes my fingers itch for a feel, and my cock stiffen for action.

So why Club International? Well, Vol 15 No 3 has two nice birds in leather. First, there's Yvette in *The French Connection* on pages 56 to 61. She's wearing a red leather dress and obviously no bra. I like the pic on page 58 where her lovely nipples are poking hard through the leather; also on page 60, where she's got her arms raised and a nice couple of mounds are visible pushing against the leather.

Then there's the deliciously fuckable Dawn on pages 72 to 76. I'm not sure whether that's a leather or PVC outfit she's wearing, but, whichever, my tool likes it. I would like to have seen her full frontal, naked except for the motor bike leather jacket that's lying on the bike on page 75, zipped open just enough to show her boobs pushing through, legs open and hands stroking her thighs. I'd soon have her on all fours in the grass, grabbing her tits under the leather while my rampant cock rams up her lovely ass.

So let's have a few more girls in leather, please. No bondage stuff, though. How about a girl wearing just a leather mini, fondling a nice pair of breasts? Or wearing just leather jeans, zipped open to show her pubes, nice and inviting. But, best of all, how about a series of shots with just a leather jacket? That will give me something to drool over while I try and persuade Angela to wear her leather when we screw. *Alan, Barnstaple*

Keep Popping

I must say how very happy I was to see the balloon-bursting bonanza in *Club Event* (Vol 15 No 5). It really sent me scatty.

You see, I am a mobile DJ, and I always put out about 500 balloons every time I do a gig. I always get highly turned on when girls 'pop' them.

Could you tell me – and I'm dying to know this – if the *Event* girls popped all the balloons on the backdrop? You ought to pop balloons more often!! *Paul, Bristol*

You would have been in your element, Paul, my son – there wasn't an 'unpopped' balloon left in the house. That was one Event *which really did go with a bang. – Ed.*

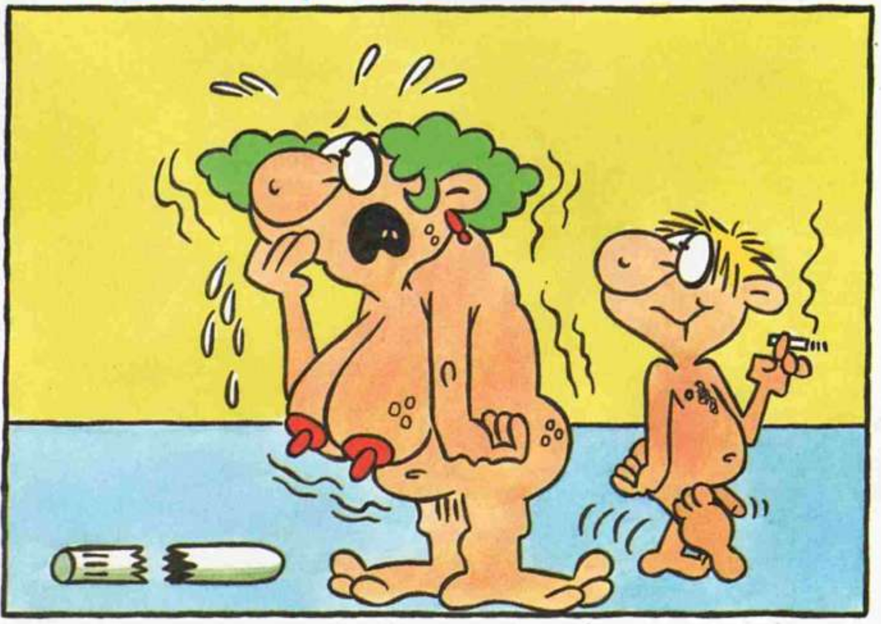
Virgo Collapso

After reading *Life With Linzi* in Vol 15 No 5, we thought all you lads at Club – and Linzi, for that matter – would like to hear of our own amazing experience while sharing a flat.

We were three virgins at the time the fourth member (a real stud of a lad) joined us in our new flat. Naturally, being in our early 20s, we were extremely desperate to learn anything he could teach us; so, needless to say, we formulated a plan of action.

One dreary Sunday afternoon, after watching a particularly boring episode of *Bullseye* (Bullseye *boring? How can you say a thing like that? – Ed.*), we girls decided to see what our flatmate had to offer. We in-

VIBES by Tony Neat



Not another broken romance, dear?

dulged in a drinking session. After guzzling a bottle of Scotch, it was obvious to our man what our intentions were.

We ended up on his king-size bed, which, to our intense delight, matched up to the proportions of his magnificent lamp post. We've heard that quality is better than quantity, but he provided an excess of both and taught us all we'd ever need to know. And more . . .

We wondered how many of you lot could boast about having three virgins in one Sunday afternoon. He gave us so much pleasure, we look forward to our regular Sunday afternoon romps!

We are three very fulfilled girlies.

Roxanne, Rosella and Loretta, London

Going Dutch

I have been living in Amsterdam for the last couple of months without – until last week – having had the pleasure of making love to a Dutch woman. They are usually well-built and blonde, with sexy, round breasts and bottoms.

Last week I was riding my bike down a country lane near the city when a big Mercedes roared past, tipping me into the ditch which (this being Holland) was full of muddy water. Another car drew up and a woman's voice asked if I was all right. I stood up, wet and muddy, and saw a tall, elegant woman of about 35. She invited me to come into her nearby house to dry off a bit.

Inside the house, Katje took off her coat. Her skirt and white silk blouse revealed a long-legged, strong, full-breasted body, the thought of which warmed me up considerably. She showed me to the bathroom, turned on the bath, then went downstairs. I got in and very soon the thought of Katje's body caused my cock to stand quite proudly from the water.

Then there was a knock and Katje asked if she could bring me in a hot drink. Before I could speak or hide my aroused state, she walked in. But the Dutch are more relaxed than us about nudity, and she didn't bat an eyelid. She sat down on the edge of the bath and chatted to me.

However, I couldn't keep my eyes from the curve of her breasts and she was obviously quite interested in what was surfacing in the bath tub. At last she said: 'Stand up and I'll wash you.' I did so and she began to soap my shoulders and chest with her long-fingered hands, gradually going lower over my body until at last her soapy hands were massaging my throbbing prick, drawing the foreskin gently back and fondling my scro-

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN

This *Come Again* thing is actually quite good fun in our office, you know. When the time comes for us to put the letters praising the individual girls into their respective piles, ready for counting, there's always an editorial audience, eager to see which nubile gets the nod.

This time around, though, we didn't even bother to count: there was no need. A steady flood of mail from the shaved pussy brigade (admirers, not possessors) ensured a *smooth* passage for Anna (Vol 15 No 6).

Colin from Nuneaton was almost too worked up to submit any cohesive prose, but he did manage to string together the following: 'Anna and Linzi next to each other in the magazine! Twelve pages of uninterrupted shaved cunts! I can hear the razor blades from here! Brilliant!'

Obviously impressed. As was Stefan, from Sauerland in West Germany. 'Anna is a tremendous woman under all circumstances, but her depilated appearance gives me particular pleasure. Also, she is the very first German girl I have seen in this state – and I have removed the panties from many German girls.'

But it was a home-grown lad who we felt most deserved to sum up his feelings on the situation. Over to you, Ronnie of Dunfermline:

You can always depend on Club International for a bit of class. For those of us who fantasize in a big way over women who are . . . well, just a cut above, there's always something for us within the pages of your magazine. If you could only see the hard-on I get when I see a girl like that.

The latest – and possibly the best – piece of sophistication you've featured is Anna (Vol 15 No 6). The fact she's German just adds to her appeal – I'd love to hear her call out her exclamations in a cultured German accent as I twirled my tongue in and around her stubbly cunt. And what a neat, pretty, little cunt it is.

When my wet face, the sweet taste in my mouth and the whispered cries of *'Danke! Danke!'* all indicated that Anna had had her orgasm, I'd expect my turn.

Wearing just that one long, black silk glove – as on the picture on page 11 – I'd get her to stroke my cock like it was her pet dachshund, even to the extent of patting my 'head'.

After that, there's only one thing in the world that can possibly be done, and I doubt if it would last very long, either: there's a limit to how much a man can hold back when faced with such a Teutonic turn-on.

Ronnie, Dunfermline

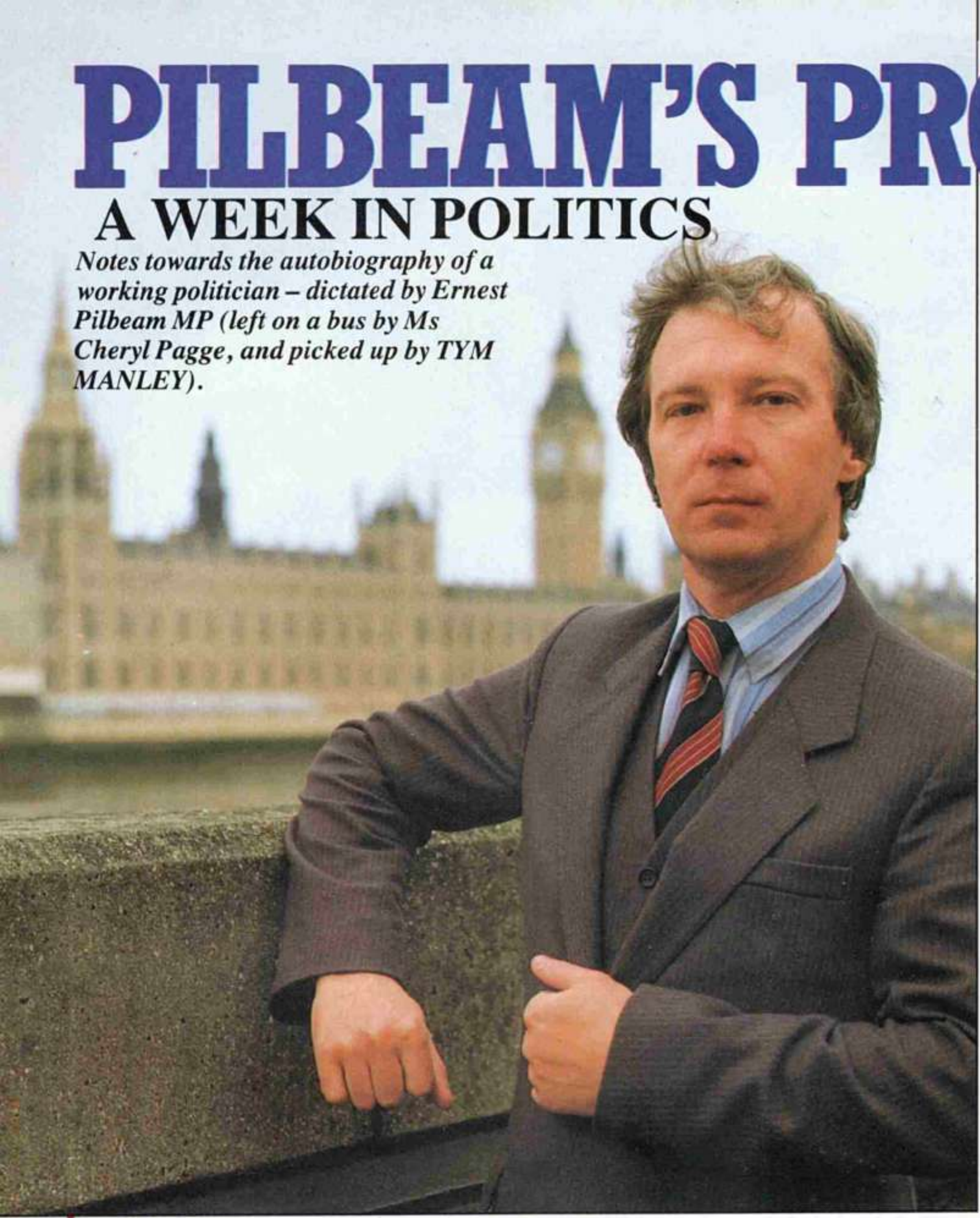
Kim

Photographs by Serge Jacques

PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician – dictated by Ernest Pilbeam MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge, and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



Monday:
What a wonderfully intriguing little woman Margaret Thatcher is! Half Boadicea, half silly moo. And always so bloody hard to tell which half is which. It's no wonder all we foot soldiers in the Parliamentary party love her so – except for Michael, Francis, Ian, Ted, Norman, Jim, Gordon, Ed, Edmund and George of course. She was on the phone to me today wanting the backing of the Blue Collar Club for her decision to sell British Tools to the bloody Yanks!

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE BLUE COLLAR CLUB IS WESTMINSTER SLANG FOR THE BEAUCLEARK SOCIETY. A GROUP OF WORKING CLASS TORY MPS WHICH HAS GROWN IN INFLUENCE UNDER THATCHER AND OF WHICH PILBEAM IS CHAIRMAN. ALSO KNOWN AS 'THE VULGAR MILLIONAIRES'.

It always pays to be direct with the PM. So I told her she was talking (expletive deleted) crap. Where I come from, I said, people voted for Maggie to see British Tools take over General Machinery Inc, not the other (exdel) way round.

And they might too if the (exdel) management down there was better. As it is they should change the name from British Tools to British Pricks! She laughed like a drain and told me how she always enjoyed talking to me. Then she hung up. Actually it sounded more as if she'd flung the instrument out of the window. Sound of breaking glass, cries of 'look out' – and the line went dead.

Damn me, two minutes later that (exdel) Grope is on the line (*Nathan Grope, the PM's Principal Electoral Advisor – Ed*). Says Margaret upset, Pilbeam rude. Expletives undeleted and so on. Threatened to make me Parliamentary Secretary to Norman Tebbit! All threats and insults until I told him to clam up or I'd be straight over to give him a smack!

Then I told him M kicked me out of the (exdel) Government for telling her when she was talking (exdel) crap. She knows my views. If she keeps ringing me she must (exdel) like being (exdel) slagged off.

(Exdel) off (exdel) I told him. And he did.

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM'S ADOPTION AS A TORY CANDIDATE WAS ACHIEVED AFTER LOBBYING NUMBER 10. THE PM ADMIRED HIS STYLE. DURING THE FALKLANDS WAR HE BECAME A PRINCIPAL ADVISER ON TACTICS. HIS ADVICE – BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN 'STUFF IT UP 'EM' AND 'STUFF IT UP 'EM AGAIN', WAS WELL RECEIVED. BUT AS HE ADMITS HERE HIS LACK OF DIPLOMATIC SKILLS PRECIPITATED HIS EARLY RETURN TO THE BACK BENCHES.

Pilbeam's Diary continued:

Testing One, Two . . . damn these (exdel) Jap crap machines, testing . . . testing (Exdel!). Oh . . . Good bit coming up. Tits. On the evening of that eventful day I was gratified to hear Margaret on *Newsnight* saying that she wasn't elected to sell British Tools to the Yanks (unless they promised to slip her an arm and a leg). But she still wanted rid of the company.

Rang John Ulster (Chief Legal Director of the Pilbeam Press) and told him to prepare a bid for the shambles. Seems to me Maggie needs a face-saver so much she might give the thing away for nothing. Nothing being

PILBEAM – Ernest Edward

Born: Ilfracombe, Devon. Son of Herbert Pilbeam (master joiner) and Lucille, née Pestle (2nd Cousin to Duke of Pomeroy).
Schools: Betstone County Primary, Lesser Balming Church School, Moorcross Primary and others (the family moved about a lot).
Secondary Education: Torrcross Grammar.
University: Exeter College, Oxford (one year. Rusticated following 'blonde in the boathouse' scandal).
Founded Pilbeam Press 1960. Printed first free newspaper. Company now prints 38 titles. First company to introduce complete industrial democracy. Went Public 1978.
Recreations: Played Rugby Union for Visigoths 1959-1972. Trial England 'probables' 1960, 1961, 62 as hooker. Useful amateur boxer. Useless cricketer, but loves game. Voted 'cricket bore of 1980' at Westminster, against strong competition.
Profile: Ernest Pilbeam worshipped his father who was a strong supporter of the Labour Party. His admiration for craftsmen in general perhaps made him the ideal man to set up a truly co-operative company. However he took many of his moral attitudes as well as a BBC accent which he can turn on at will, from his mother's aristocratic connections.

He is comfortable with skilled working people and country people, from gentlemen farmers to Dukes, but he cannot, in his own words, 'abide the middle classes'.

It is useful to see his career as a fight between his desire to be like his father and his admiration for his mother's family. He has been said to be the only living example of a snob and inverted snob living in one body.

He first joined the Labour Party (1969) and became a councillor at the urging of his father. But found that his convictions were not shared by the New Left caucus in the party and left.

The advent of Margaret Thatcher as Tory leader immediately attracted him as she seemed to encapsulate many of the old-fashioned principles he inherited from his father. He often says he still agrees with his father about politics. Pilbeam senior denies this, although it is rumoured that he himself voted Conservative for the first time ever in 1979 (he did not, as he expected, die as a result).

In 1971 Pilbeam married Ms Jill Webb, daughter of a family of socialist intellectuals. Ms Webb got a dose of Lawrence and married Pilbeam as a representative of the working classes. She then got flower power, then free love, then finally, a dose of feminism, from which she has never recovered. They separated in 1978. "I couldn't stand the guilt of being a rich man's plaything," Ms Webb told the Press. But they have never divorced.

As a politician Pilbeam has been a successful back-bencher. His style, though, involving hitting people who insult him, and a certain directness, has made his periods in office short and largely unsuccessful. He is highly thought of by the Prime Minister, who is quoted as saying:

'Give me more members like Ernest – but not yet!'

He is, however, on several committees of the House and is Chairman of the Blue Collar Club, an influential back benchers' pressure group.

His popularity with the cleaners, drivers and security staff make him the best-informed man in Westminster. He uses his knowledge and prodigious powers of aggression to the benefit of his Foulness North constituency.

An example of Pilbeam's style is his successful attempt to persuade the Ministry of Defence to keep its boot contract with a local factory. Pilbeam, it is rumoured, simply threatened to give the Foreign Minister a 'smack' if it was moved. It was not. In fact the order was trebled.

A favourite of the media because he always has something newsworthy to say, Pilbeam is in a strong position in his own constituency. His majority of 302 rose to 10,500 in 1983.

'Because I decked that SDP berk who called me a liar.' Rule of life: never put up, in public, with things you wouldn't let pass in private.

Pilbeam was summoned for alleged assault on that occasion, but it is a measure of his local popularity that, although the incident is said to have occurred in the local market at midday, no witnesses could be found.

Short, stocky and ugly (as he puts it), his undisguised sexual appetite only seems to add to his popularity with both men and women.

Hobbies: Carpentry, being belligerent.
Clubs: Foulness Working Men's, Boodles, the Chest & Drawers (Soho).

about what it's worth.

Titsypoohs, when you type this up leave out the expletives and the bit about your left tit! Loveooo. Piggy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TITSYPOOHS IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR CHERYL PAGGE, HIS SECRETARY AND CLOSE PERSONAL COMPANION. PIGGY IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. UGGGH!

Tuesday:

In the House to hear Prime Minister's Questions. That poor sod Kinnock doesn't get any better. Full of words and every one a loser.

'Is the Prime Minister aware . . .'

He starts, and then makes the mistake of taking a breath. In storms Margaret. Yes, she's quite aware, she says and goes on to answer the poor (exdel's) questions before he asked them. Leaving him to wonder which of the merry band with a knife in his back let him down stinking this time.

Nude Entertainments Bill.

Sneaking out of the House for an important meeting, I was trapped . . .

Sorry I didn't make it, Titsypoohs, and you with your Traffic Warden's uniform on too! Tomorrow for sure! Piggy.

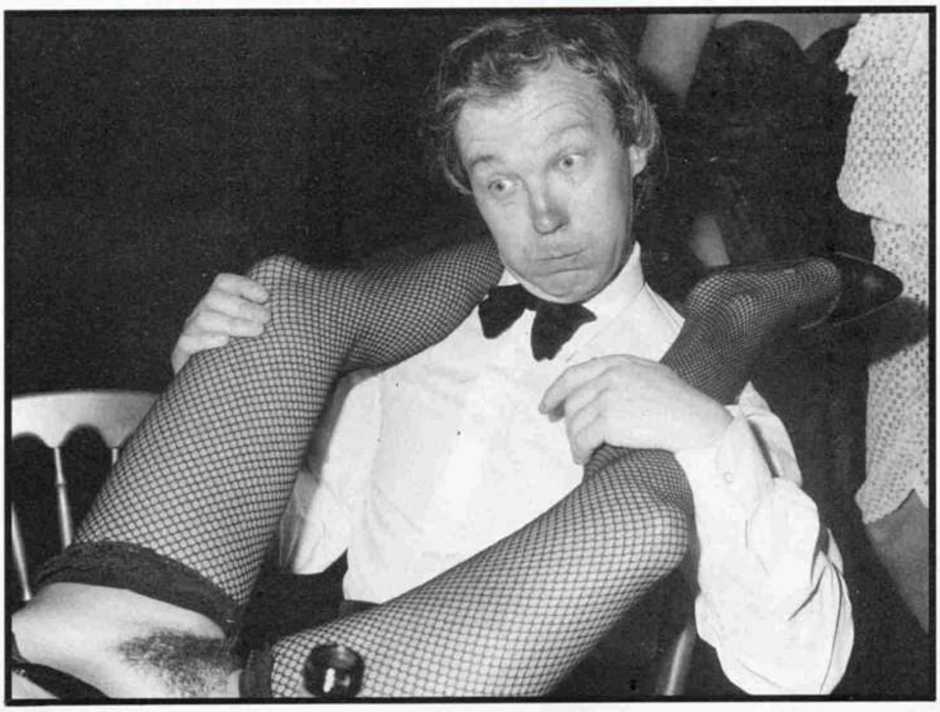
Trapped by that (exdel) wassock Emtic (*Adrian Emtic, then a Minister in the Department of Social Standards – Ed.*)! Corners me in the bar and pins me down with a double brandy in each hand while he goes on about banning tits in the papers, in magazines and in strip clubs. Demands my support. Says it will win the female vote.

Well, not in my constituency. I told him stripping is the second most important industry down there, thanks to a Government which is supposed to support business squeezing everyone into the ground with their daylight robbery and mugging.

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM REFERS TO ALL TAXATION AS 'ROBBERY' WHICH, I SUPPOSE, IS PRECISELY WHAT IT IS.

Secondly, I impressed on him that my constituents are quite grown up enough to sort out the problem of tits (if there is one) all by themselves. They do not need (exdel) berks like him wiping their (exdel) arses for them.

Hang on. Titsy, this is a good bit: testing . . . One, Two, Three, (exdel) and derision . . . testing . . .



Pilbeam, slightly the worse for wear and tear, and in receipt of two leg-overs

The Right Honourable Member on a hunt for a seven-sided coin of the realm

I then asked Mr Emtic if he considered nudity as part of entertainment had a corrupting effect on himself. He said of course not! But such things might get into the hands of eh . . . um . . . children. He said children, but hummed and harhed. I pressed him. You don't *mean* children, do you, I said. You mean people like me. The working class.

He blustered, but that's what he *did* mean.

People like you, I said, meddlars who set themselves up as censors are a bunch of patronising (exdels). You want to be everybody's mummy and daddy – so long as you can do it without fucking!

I also warned him that people would question his own sexual motives for pushing such a Bill (by which I meant that I would make sure the Press did just that). Thought it would work, as I'm sure he's a bender! But he persisted. Wants my help to research the subject. Take him to strip clubs, meet models and so on.

Perhaps he's just a wanker after all. I agreed, as it is every Member's duty to support his fellow members for the good of the nation as a whole.

EDITOR'S NOTE: WHENEVER PILBEAM USES A HIGH-FLOWN EXPRESSION SUCH AS THIS, IT TURNS OUT THAT HE IS PLANNING SOMETHING PARTICULARLY DEVIOUS.

Rushed out to get a new suit. I'm on the *Today* programme tomorrow. Funny thing, radio. Nobody can see you, but I always feel they can *hear* when you're well dressed.

Wednesday:

(Exdel) Japanese (exdel) . . . testing . . . (exdel) . . . testing One, Two, Three . . . What a day! I held my end up pretty well on *Today*, although I was half-asleep through most of it.

I thought I was discussing the Pilbeam Press and our new free national daily. Was half-way through my spiel when I realized that the man in overalls opposite was not a Union Leader, but Ms Penny Mcsomething of the Equal Opportunities Bureau. She seemed to be saying that all firms, government departments and whathaveyou should be forced to employ a quota of blacks, browns, yellows, poofs, women and vegetarians – whether or not these people could do anything *but* be black, brown, yellow or what haven't you.

Some speech of mine had led the Beeb to expect I'd disagree. So I didn't. I went on talking about the Pilbeam Press until John made me shut up and then I supported the idea whole-heartedly. Rule of life: Never disagree with mad people.

Good bit coming up, Titsy, get this right.

'I thoroughly agree with Penny,' I said. 'But she doesn't take it far enough. Why should sport be outside the legislation? Surely the England cricket team should, indeed must, contain one of each nationality represented in our society plus, of course, women, children and cats (not enough attention is given to animal rights). Ability to play the game is quite irrelevant, it is a matter of principle as Penny has stated so eloquently.'

Rule of life: You should *never* take the piss out of these people. The (exdel) woman took me quite seriously. Lord grant that Peter May wasn't listening! On second thoughts, would it do that much harm?

John Simpson came to my aid by moving the subject on to the latest redundancies at British Howitzers. I replied that these chaps have been on the dole anyway since 1947. It was just that successive governments changed the name to government subsidy and kept them playing at having jobs. Not a good thing to treat grown men like kids. Let's call unemployment by its proper name. You can't do anything until you admit you have a problem (which is just what they taught us at Alcoholics Anonymous).

That gave some sanctimonious Polytechnic lecturer the chance to put my view down as 'the typical attitude of a privileged ruling class bourgeoise', or something. So I did my 'hardships, you don't know what hardships are!' bit. Felt better after that.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SON OF A JOBBING JOINER, PILBEAM WAS BROUGHT UP IN A 13-FOOT CARAVAN IN THE MIDDLE OF A

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FIELD WITH NO AMENITIES WHATEVER. HOWEVER, HIS WEALTH AND PATRICIAN ACCENT OFTEN LEAD LEFT-WING OPPONENTS – ESPECIALLY WHEN DISCONCERTED BY HIS ROBUST (IF NOT THREATENING) STYLE OF ARGUMENT – TO ATTACK HIM ON THE GROUNDS OF CLASS.

IT IS UNWISE AS PILBEAM LAUNCHES INTO A DESCRIPTION OF HIS UPBRINGING IN GRAPHIC DETAIL, USUALLY ENDING WITH A PURPLE DESCRIPTION OF THE STINK OF THE THREE MONTH UNEMPTIED LATRINE. THIS ALMOST ALWAYS MAKES FURTHER ARGUMENT IMPOSSIBLE OUTSIDE THE LAVATORY. THOUGH HIS UPBRINGING WAS, IF ANYTHING, SLIGHTLY WORSE THAN HE PAINTS IT, PILBEAM ENJOYED IT THOROUGHLY.

Leave out the bit about Alcoholics Anonymous, Titsy. Have bought you a black lace basque for tonight!

Thursday:

Yesterday ended on a high note. That wassock Emtic came to see me with a real shiner. Apparently the cunning little (exdel) has been trying to get at me through my wife.

(Only your wife in* name*, Piggy; I'm your real wife. TP)

The fool went to Jill and said: 'Would you appear naked in a dirty magazine, Mrs Pilbeam?'

Was going on to get her support but succeeded only in getting her best skillet in his face. He, of course, doesn't know that Jill used to appear nude in Club International years ago, before she got feminism. Apparently she thought he was blackmailing her.

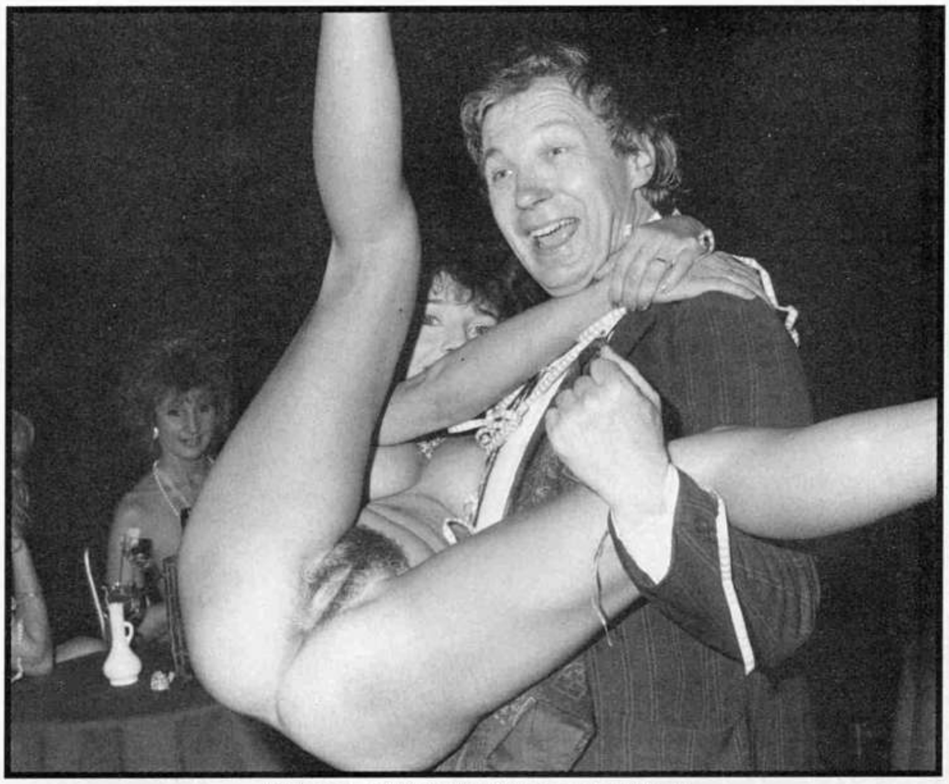
I laughed like a drain. Arranged to take Emtic to a club I know tomorrow. He's calling it 'research'.

Leave out the sexy bit, Titsypoohs.

EDITOR'S NOTE: MRS JILL PILBEAM IS LEADER OF THE LABOUR GROUP ON PILTDOWN METROPOLITAN COUNCIL. THEY LIVE APART.

'Make no mistake, sonny boy, that film of yours will never reach the news desk intact!'

Photo by Risk Features



Pilbeam and 'friend' wide-open for debate

Friday:

Spent the morning at Pilbeam House with the lads working out the finances on the new paper. Got agreement at last. But the trouble with having everyone owning shares is that they get so cost conscious. Chaps who would fling away my cash like water won't let you take any risks with their own. And the printers are the worst. Check everything 30 times.

Extraordinary evening with Emtic. Took him to the Chest & Drawers Club – which is all topless waitresses, striptease and a little good clean fun. Adrian Emtic couldn't keep his eyes off those tits! Can see why he wants them banned, his eyeballs swung round so fast he must be afraid of going blind.

It appears Adrian is very attractive to women. After the cabaret a hostess came over, sat on his lap and started undoing his trouser buttons. He sat there like a spotlit vole. At least he did until I saw a gossip column photographer in the place. I yelled at him to run and he tried to. But the girl hung on to his trousers, which came down, leaving him fleeing for the exit in his Y-fronts (pink with little bunnies on. Ugh!).

Flash! Flash! Flash!

Pics of St Adrian, scourge of the titted classes, dragging a topless girl up the steps of a strip joint in very unconservative underwear!

Your sister did marvellously well, Tits. Is she a good girl too? Piggy.

Naughty Piggy! TP.

Saturday:

Surgery at the Constituency. Had Old Tom Baggs in moaning about his commode grant which is a casualty of what he calls Tory Government Cuts (for all the (exdel) government couldn't get half-cut in a brewery). Apparently the Ministry of Social Standards says no one *uses* commodes anymore. Tom says different.

Says he's going to call one of his cats Tory Government.

Tell the newspapers it's one of the Tory Government cats! Lots of publicity, Tom says.

We were taken short (Tom's used to that) by the arrival of Adrian Emtic, he'd responded to my phone call on the trot. Poor (exdel) hadn't slept all night by the look of him. And he had to promise Tom his commode grant back to get rid of him! That's Tom off my back.

I told Adrian I had traced the photographer and pursuaded him not to sell those pictures for 24 hours, but I thought his conditions for destroying them were quite impossible.

'Wants me to withdraw the Bill?' says Emtic. 'I could not bow to such pressure.'

'Quite right,' I said. 'Matter of principle. I've got a much better idea. Why not tell the Press you're gay and nip the story in the bud?'

Adrian fainted.

On coming round he murmured something about starting an inter-party committee on the practicality of beginning to research a possible future Green Paper. Due to report in the year 2000.

I said I was sure the photographer would agree to that as I have something on him (which I do. Cousin Ray is wearing my overcoat!).

Something of the kind seemed to occur to Adrian. He gave me a nasty look as he left.

'The Pilbeam Press doesn't own any sex clubs?'

'Certainly not!' I said.

'Or publish any mucky magazines?'

I got up as if to give him a smack. 'No' I yelled after him.

Which is quite true.

Although we do *print* five of them every month. Not that I would let profit interfere with principle. Rule of life: First make sure your principles are profitable.

LIFE WITH Linz

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Last week I took a trip up North to meet the lads of the Ashton On Mersey Rugby Union Football Club (who provided the venue for our *Club Event* in Vol 15 No 7), to check out this rumour that rugby players play with odd-shaped balls! But when I ended up in the bath with 15 of the beefy boys, there were so many balls about, who cared what shape they were!!

There were drawbacks, of course. To secure my position with the lads in the bath, I firstly had to go out on the pitch and actually play rugby. Now I don't mind a good old grapple or scrum, but not when it's absolutely pissing down with rain and the pitch is waterlogged. The idea did cross my mind to try and sneak off. But I don't like to be called a chicken, so I thought what the hell and got changed with the rest of the lads.

Paul, the Club photographer, is a team member, but today I was taking his place whilst he got busy with the camera. Togged out in my tight white shorts, a special 'CLUB' rugby shirt and some socks that I scrounged from one of the guys, I took my first precarious steps on the muddy pitch.

Within seconds I went ass over tit and was smothered in mud.

Some of the enthusiastic lads of the thriving Cheshire rugby club seemed to consider it was wrong that I was muddier than them, so they rectified the situ-

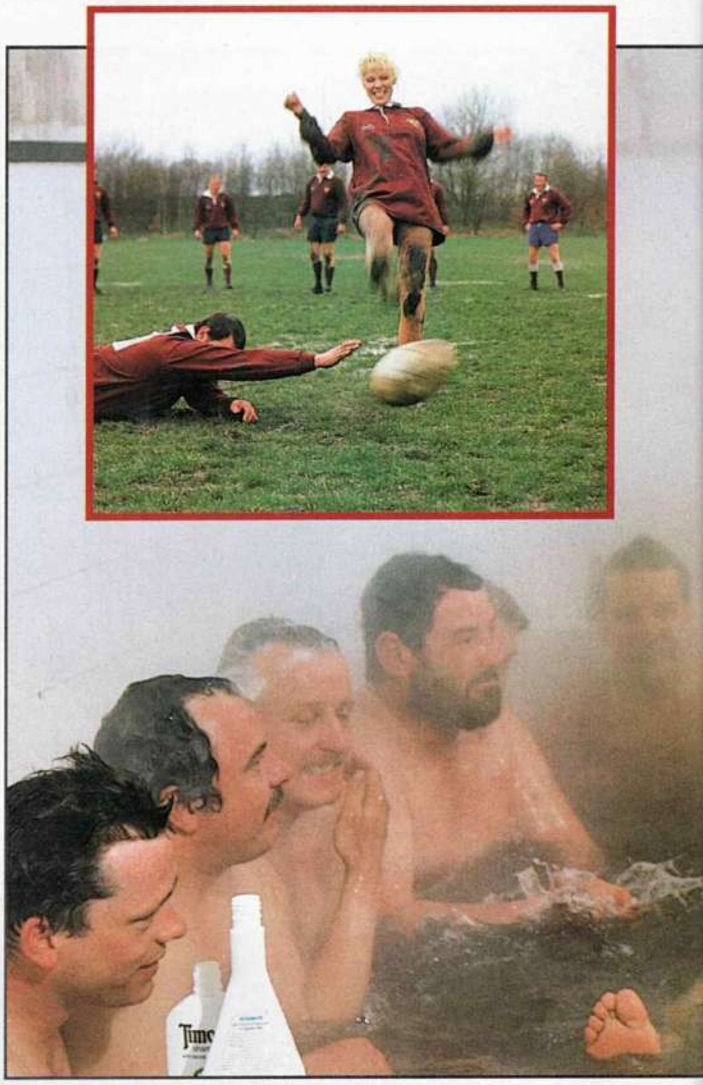
ation by taking head-first dives into the slush. Absolutely mad!

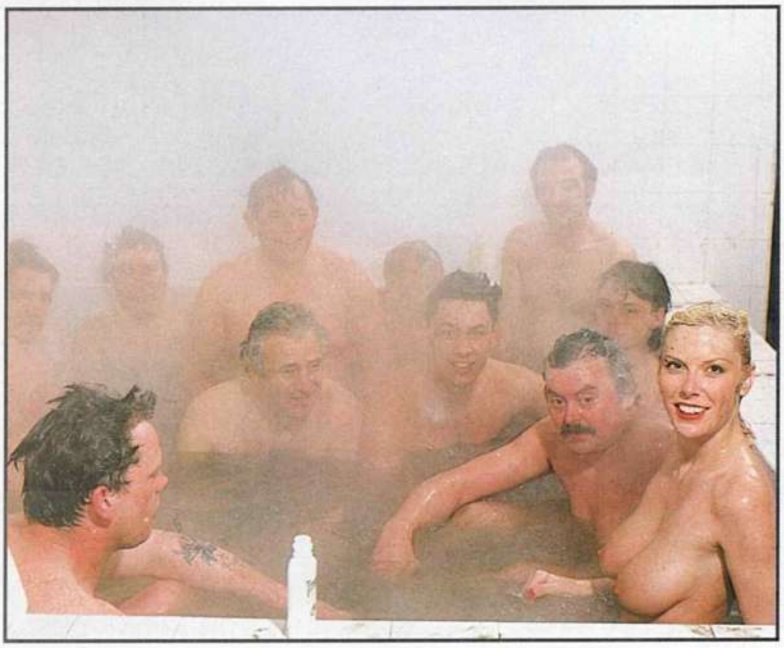
Luckily for me they weren't quite so mad when we actually started playing. In fact they were like gentle giants, especially the two big buggers 'Glassback Ian and Len'. I don't think they'd want me playing with them every Sunday. Let me rephrase that! They have adopted me as their mascot, but not as a team member, as my performance on the pitch was pretty pathetic.

When we went into a scrum, I thought Paul said "show your bum" – so I dropped my shorts. I wondered why the guys at the front were getting down so low! And I got completely confused when someone shouted something about a 'ruck'. I thought I was just being propositioned!

But the worst bit was when I was supposed to take a drop-kick. Paul was poised with the camera, lying down right in front of the goalposts. Big Len was holding the ball in position. Not only did I stand on Big Len's hand, nearly putting him out of action for the weekend's game, but I could hardly lift the ball off the ground. I missed Paul and his camera by about half an inch! Not recommended if you want to win the game or have any photos to illlustrate my natterings!

Still, the best bit was yet to come – the baths! I think I've sussed why they enjoy roughing it in all winds and weathers. It's the thought of that





steaming hot bath at the end of it. It was so delicious climbing into it when you're all cold and muddy ... it almost took my breath away. Not to mention the fact that I was being joined by 15 macho, muddy men!

Once in the bath, we were having a whale of a time drinking pints and singing rugby songs until somebody lost the soap. I managed to find it without too much trouble, although it took me a while looking! The most difficult task I had in the bath was avoiding all those wandering big toes!

It was a good job the fellas hadn't treated me roughly on the pitch, as I could have quite easily got my revenge whilst scrubbing their backs with a yard brush. But of course I was very gentle. By the time we'd all scrubbed off the mud from our bodies, the bath water was absolutely black and this seemed as good a time as any to get out and have a drink at the bar.

The madness didn't stop at the bar. There, they play a dangerous-looking game called bar diving. I'll try to explain: about eight guys line up in two rows in front of the bar with their hands crossed and linked to the guy standing opposite. The biggest loon of the lot takes a flying dive off the bar, hopefully to be caught by the line of crossed hands.

Leary Lads

So of course they roped me into having a go, though I did cheat just a little. Mind you, once I was laid out across the guys' arms I couldn't get up. Louie, one of the leary lads, wouldn't stop biting my ass!

After a few drinks it was time to say goodbye. I must admit I did have my eye on one of the guys, who I shan't mention by name, as Paul had warned me about this flash little bugger who thought he could pull anything. I like to be the one to do the pulling, you know! I did quite fancy his offer to take me outside and make a mess of my lipstick. I've never heard that pick-up line before. I wasn't quite sure if he was after a good gobble or a snog, but I never had time to find out as I was whisked off by the Club team to my next assignment – a dinner for all the wholesalers and retailers who sold Club in the Manchester area.

The dinner was being held at a restaurant/hotel near Manchester airport, and unexpectedly we were given a private room for the evening. As the affair was sort of an invite from me, Club's Ed asked me to get up and say a few words. Well, this may seem a little strange to you as I waffle on for ages on my own little page, but I was far too shy to get up and make a speech. Instead I got the manager of the restaurant to scrounge a tape player from one of the hotel residents, borrowed a tape from Jack Jones (not *the* Jack Jones) and proceeded to do a strip on the tables.

I think it went down quite well with our guests, far better than me standing up and telling a few jokes, I can tell you!

Completely Naked

That night I went back to my hotel room, alone and totally knackered. It really takes it out of you, this rugby business. I didn't have any energy to pick up a guy, let alone give him a good seeing-to. Mind you, it was not a night without its dramas.

I was woken from my sleep by a continuous buzzing. I thought the telephone was off the hook or something, so I snuggled up and went back to sleep. I was woken up again a short time later by a loud knocking on my door. I answered it, completely naked and only half awake, to see a fireman standing there. He told me that there was a fire in the hotel and that everyone should leave immediately. The strange buzzing that I had heard was obviously one of these new-fangled fire alarms – absolutely useless if the firemen have to personally knock everybody up.

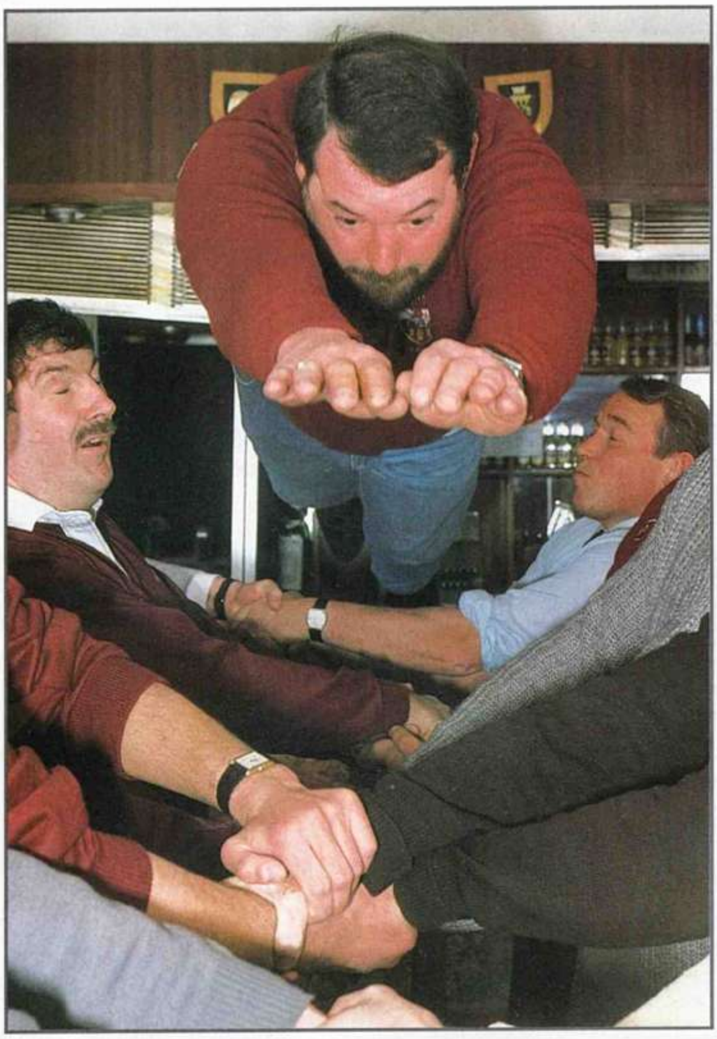
I struggled into some gear and went down into the lobby for a roll-call. It was all so unorganized and very scary. I'm still not really sure if there was a fire or if it was a bomb scare. Every fireman I asked told me something different. One insisted it was a bomb, courtesy of Colonel Gaddafi, and I was told by three others that there were fires on the ground, third and sixth floors!

As you can imagine, when I returned to my room on the second floor an hour or so later, I couldn't get a wink of sleep.

Still, there was a funny side to it. One guy a few rooms away from mine came out of his room to see what all the noise was about, dressed only in his tight little underpants. Poor guy locked himself out! He was hanging around for an hour or so along with all the other evacuees in

2
club
club

club



the lobby, his modesty covered only by a tiny pair of briefs!

Happily I did manage to get fucked whilst in Manchester. The hotel where I was staying offered a great health and fitness centre, and so after my overnight ordeal, I thought I'd check it out to help me feel good again . . .

Whilst posing around at the pool, I spied a very good-looking guy swimming up and down vigorously, so I fluttered my eyelashes at him. He was swimming so fast, he probably didn't notice me, let alone my eyelashes. But we finally did come face to face in the Jacuzzi, which was very tiny and intimate.

By now I had perked up and was feeling very naughty. I moved closer to him, smiled, and we soon started chatting. His name was Terry and he was in Manchester for a business conference. The subject soon got on to how our sleep had been disturbed during the night and how tired it made us feel. I could tell that the conversation was leading in the right direction when Terry invited me to his room, where he promised a good massage would relax me.

When we were both dressed and in the lift he pulled me close to him and started kissing me passionately. His hands slid up my shirt-dress, his fingers pulling aside my knickers, massaging my pussy.

We arrived at his room to be greeted by the chambermaid, whom we ushered out rather quickly. I lay on the couch, feeling as horny as hell. Terry whipped off my knickers and parted my pussy lips with his tongue, whilst his fingers squeezed hard on my tits. I was feeling a little bit lazy, so I lay back and let him finger fuck and suck away at my quivering quim until my juices runneth over . . .

Multiple orgasms later, Terry raised up my ass and I wrapped my legs around his waist. He drove his cock deep inside me, pumping away until his come mingled with mine.

I never did get the relaxing full body massage that he offered. Still, mustn't grumble!

Anyway, lads, that's me done for another month, if you'll pardon the expression. Next month I've decided to tell you all about my fantasy fucks, as so many of you write and tell me all about yours. So, till next time, keep your hand on it and I'll keep my hand on mine!

Linzi

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

Starting Out — Andrew and Jackie

Andrew, a 22 year old computer engineer from Cornwall, found his job, though interesting, did not bring him into contact with women — indeed his life had become fairly monastic. Jackie, by her own admission on the other hand, had boys queueing to take her out. 'But they were either the wrong ones, they already had girlfriends, or they just mucked me around.' When Jackie's parents discovered she was contemplating joining Dateline they were pretty off-putting. 'What do you want to do that for? It's silly!' Undaunted, Jackie joined anyway! After a telephone call to introduce himself, Andrew said he would pick Jackie up from her home the following Sunday. 'Come in' invited Jackie, and proceeded to introduce him to her mother, her father (hiding in the front room behind a newspaper), her sister, her aunty, her two cousins, and the family dog! A thorough vetting! Within six weeks Andrew felt Jackie was a girl he could settle down with, but didn't voice his feelings for fear of frightening her off. He had also managed to conquer his loathing of discos to some extent, knowing that Jackie liked to dance. It was only fair after all — 'She had to put up with my collecting fossils and going out at night with my telescope to look at the stars!' However, they are now engaged. 'I know I'm young', said Jackie 'but Andrew is the one and I don't want to lose him, and my parents think he's the best thing since sliced bread.' For Andrew, the proof that joining Dateline is the best thing he's ever done, is simply 'Jackie, who is going to be my wife next year.'

20 years of Dateline experience helps guarantee your success

New Beginnings — Judith and Bob

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Fourteen Years On — Cindy and Tony

Cindy and Tony met through Dateline way back in 1970 and have now celebrated fourteen years of 'computer matched marriage'. Cindy, at the time, was a 28 year old P.A. with a small son. She was fed up with 'getting involved with men I shouldn't'. Tony was a 33 year old electronics engineer who had just ended a close relationship and wanted to get back into the swing of things. When they met through Dateline they found they had so much in common, but although they saw each other for five months, they didn't really get close because of Tony's attachment to his former girlfriend. However, many months after they had separated, Tony wrote to Cindy asking to see her. She thought he 'had a cheek', but agreed to meet him, and within a few weeks they were in love. They married in 1972 and have never hidden that they met through Dateline. 'It may sound unromantic, but it is logical — and it works!' At least you know the people you meet are in the market for a relationship — and that you have things in common.' For Cindy and Tony joining Dateline was the recipe for 'love - the lasting kind.'

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Dateline

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

I have just finished reading (and admiring) your shots and article about your visit to Bristol. I was pleased to learn that you are a Bristol lass. I also come from that part of the world, though recently my job has taken me to London. I began to wonder whether all Bristol girls are as randy as you. Certainly one I once met down there was . . .

It started off as a night out with the lads, where we would first have a few pints and then go on to a night club. Anyway, when we reached the night club, we were pleasantly surprised to see a large number of young girls who looked as if they needed a good fuck. Anyway, I went up to get the drinks and got talking to a girl called Suzie. We danced for quite a while, before she said that she would like to go outside to get some fresh air. Naturally, I escorted her outside and we walked down a quiet alley. Suddenly she stopped, turned, and planted a long, lingering kiss with her luscious, pouting lips onto my lips, her tongue probing deep into my mouth. She then asked me if I would like to go back to her place for a coffee.

Fortunately, she did not live far away, and as soon as we were inside her flat she flung off her coat and collapsed onto the sofa. 'Well, then, here we are,' she said.

'Yes, here we are,' I replied.

'Shall we fuck in here, or in the bedroom?' she asked.

I was quite stunned at this, but blurted out that I would like to screw her in the bedroom. At that, she took my hand and led me into her bedroom. She kicked off her shoes and undid her blouse, then slipped out of her skirt – and, as I suspected, she was wearing no knickers or bra. She began to undress me, her gentle hands caressing my body. When she slipped my trousers off, she put her hand inside my pants and began to caress my eight-inch tool. Then, pulling down my pants, she gave me a wonderful blow job until I exploded in her mouth, the come gushing down her throat, and all over her lips and fingers. She licked her fingers and lips dry, and then I began to wank on her pussy; first with my fingers, then with my tongue, nibbling and sucking at her clit.

After she reached orgasm, she lay back on the bed. 'Come on – fuck me, fuck me!' I didn't need asking twice, as I pushed my cock up her juicy, wet cunt. I rode her good and hard for all I was worth, until she reached another fantastic orgasm.

Anyway, now I have told you of my Bristol (s)experience, perhaps you can answer my question. Are all Bristol girls as randy as you? Perhaps we could meet to discuss it, as I would dearly like to fuck you, too.

Tony, London

What a direct fellow you are, Tony! I'm not sure if all Bristol girls are randy, but if the one you picked up is anything to go by, it definitely seems that way. Not that I would know anything about randy Bristol girls, of course . . .

Dear Linzi,

I am an avid reader of Club International, in particular your letters page (and come to think of it, anything with a picture of you showing off your wares). I have often read stories from your other readers telling us about their body exploits with food, and have often wondered what it would be like to try this out for myself. Well, a couple of weeks ago I really did get the chance to see what it was like.

I have been going out with a girl now for several months and we have enjoyed all sorts of sex together in various positions and places, one of her favourites being a good old shafting up the box. Anyway, one Saturday night we went out together for a drink around the Market Square and by the end of the night she was absolutely rat-arsed. I literally carried her home, and when we got outside her front door I went in for a cup of coffee and the inevitable happened.

Her hand soon found its way down inside my flies and was soon wanking my cock to death. She was starting to get really horny, and soon she grabbed hold of my hand and pushed it under her dress and knickers, where I started wanking her pussy at the same time as being jerked off myself. I found this to be really stimulating and soon I couldn't help shooting my load all over the front of her jumper. After a short pause we sat and talked together, and soon she started telling me about some of the things she used to get up to with her ex-boyfriends. The one story that really turned me on was when she told me about the time she got fucked with a Mars bar, and how much she enjoyed the experience.

The next day when I woke up, I lay in bed for a while and the memories of the Mars bar trick played on my mind. Now was my chance to try something different.

On Monday, I went to work in my office. It was really boring and again I could not stop thinking about her being fucked with a Mars bar. So, during my lunch break, I nipped out to the shop around the corner and bought one of those new king-size bars. Later on in the evening I went round to her house. When I got there (armed with one 26p Mars bar), she answered. Much to my delight, her mum had gone to the local bingo hall and, as her dad was working the night shift, we were quite alone.

We talked for a while, and I must admit I was getting a bit nervous about the whole idea. That is until she got out my cock and started to give me one hell of a blow job. By this time I had such a steaming hard-on, I lost all my inhibitions and could not give a shit about anything. So, I stood up, walked over to my coat with my dick still waving in the air, and got it out of my pocket (the Mars bar, that is). She looked at it and I could tell by the glint in her eye that she wanted it just as much as I did. I pushed her on to the carpet and lifted up her skirt, forcing her legs apart with her arse raised off the ground slightly.

Pulling down her silk knickers, I could see the entrance to her cunt was slightly wetter than usual and knew that she was getting rather excited about the whole thing. Pulling those moist pink flaps open, I started rubbing her entrance with the Mars bar, putting emphasis on her now enlarged clit. Then, in one slow movement, I entered her gaping hole with my brown 'tool' fucking her in rhythm just as I would with my cock. Soon her love juices started flowing, and I could feel her warmth cascading onto my fingers.

After her yells of delight and the newly-found evidence of her orgasm, I took the Mars bar out of her cunt. It was glistening with her cream and I had no option left but to lick every single drop of fluid, and I must admit that eating a Mars bar has never been such good fun. I know now what to do the next time I fancy making an exotic (or even erotic) meal out of simple ingredients. What's more, it's quite cheap, too.

MJ, Dover

What a wonderful idea! My two favourite things happen to be screwing and scoffing chocolate. What better way is there to combine the two? Have fun – I'm just dashing off to the confectioners!

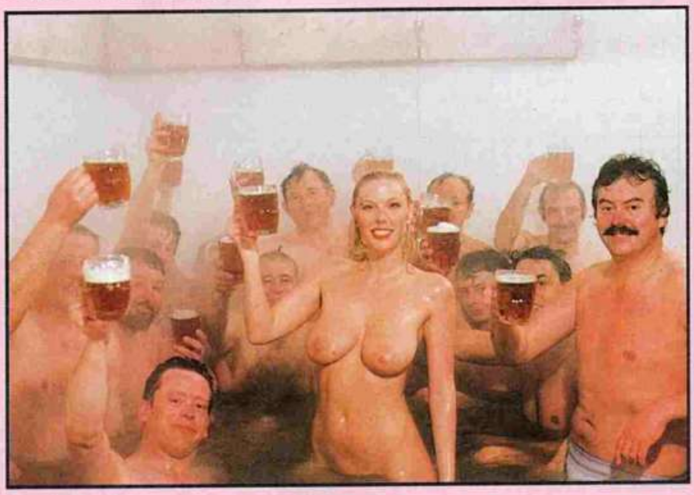
Dear Linzi,

I would like you to give me some advice. I fancy a married woman who comes round every Thursday teatime to see us. Every time she comes round, she turns me on. What can I do?

Norman, Scunthorpe

Next time she comes round at teatime – why not suggest a little tea and crumpet? At worst she'll only slap you round the chops!

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!



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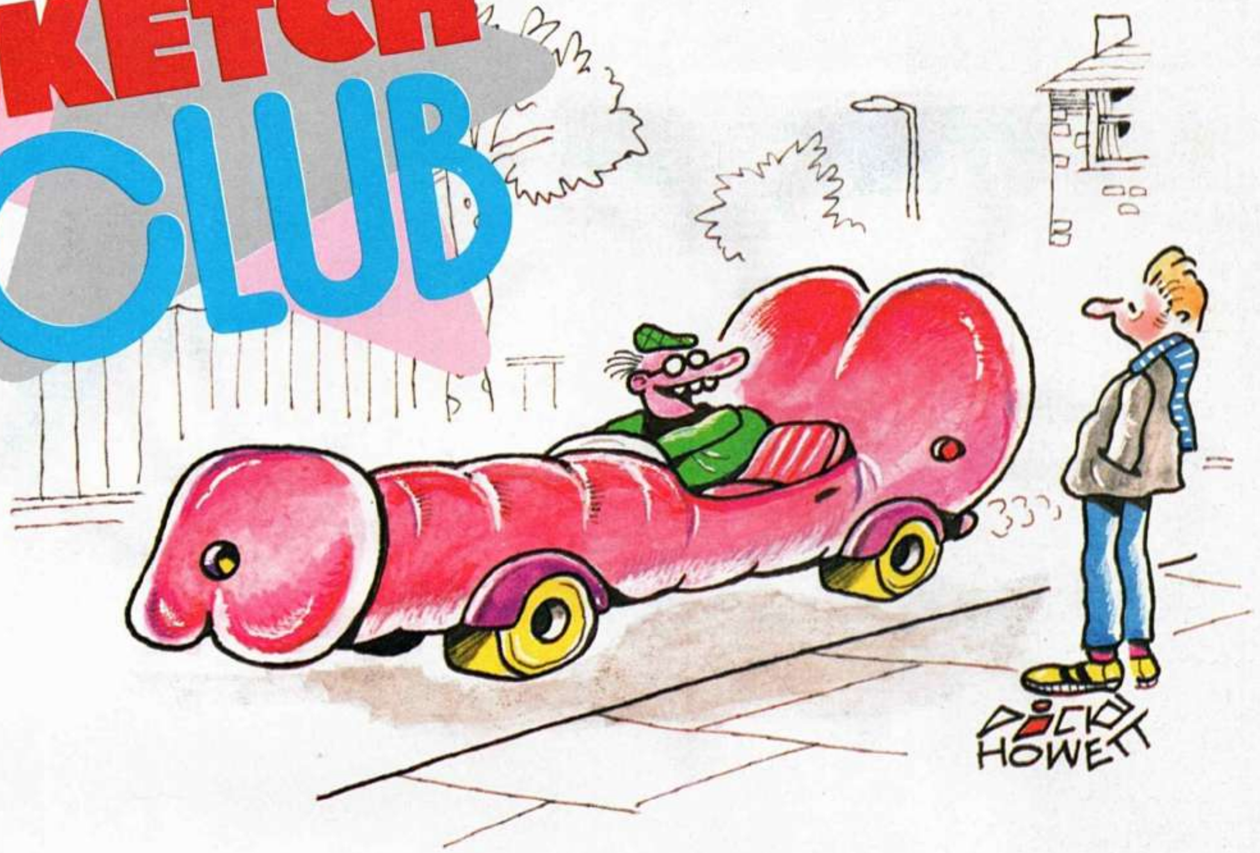

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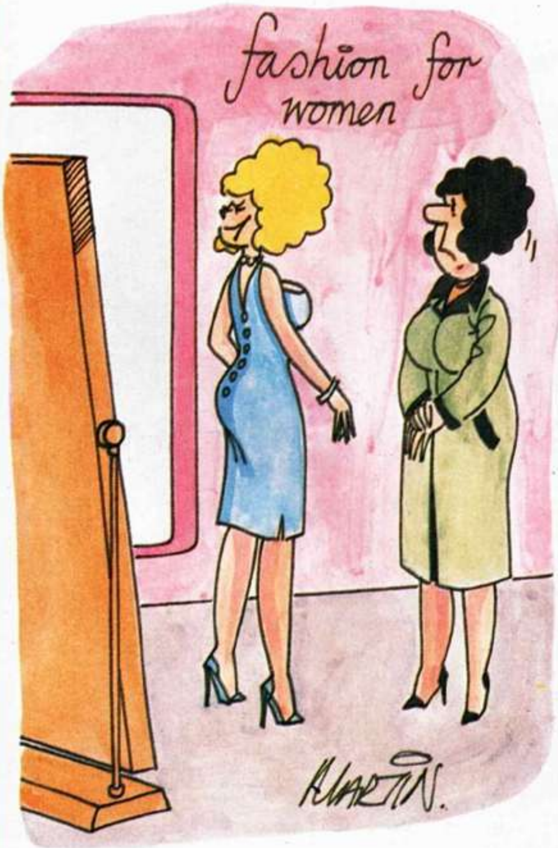

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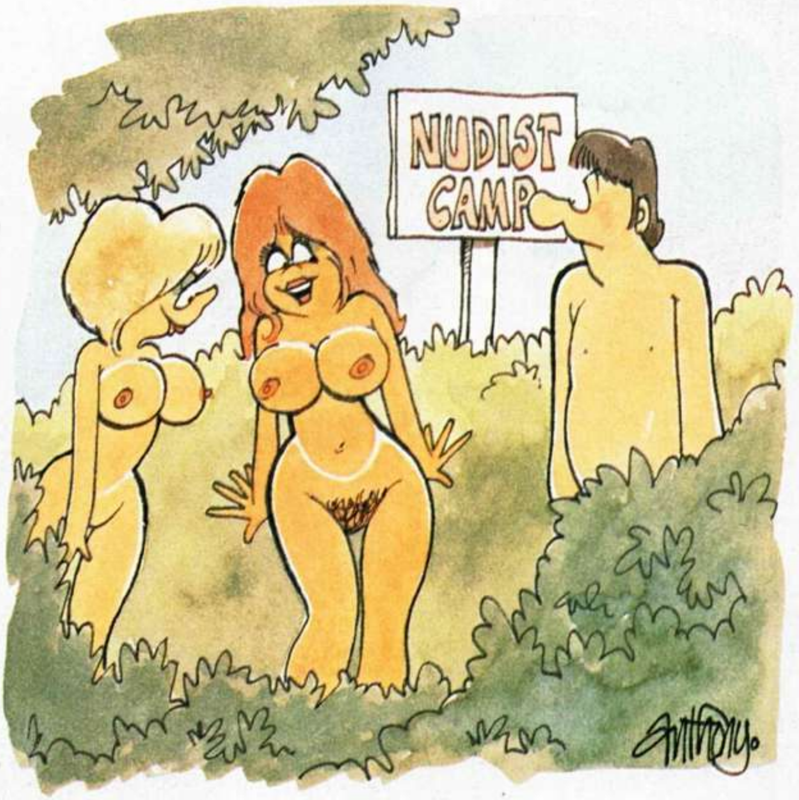

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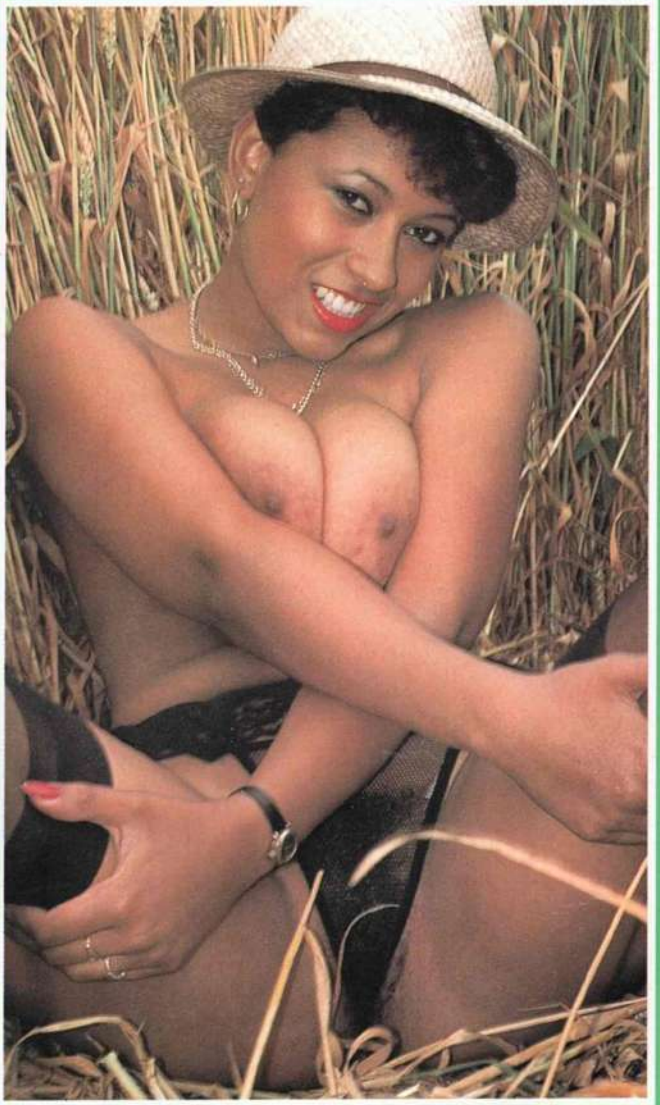

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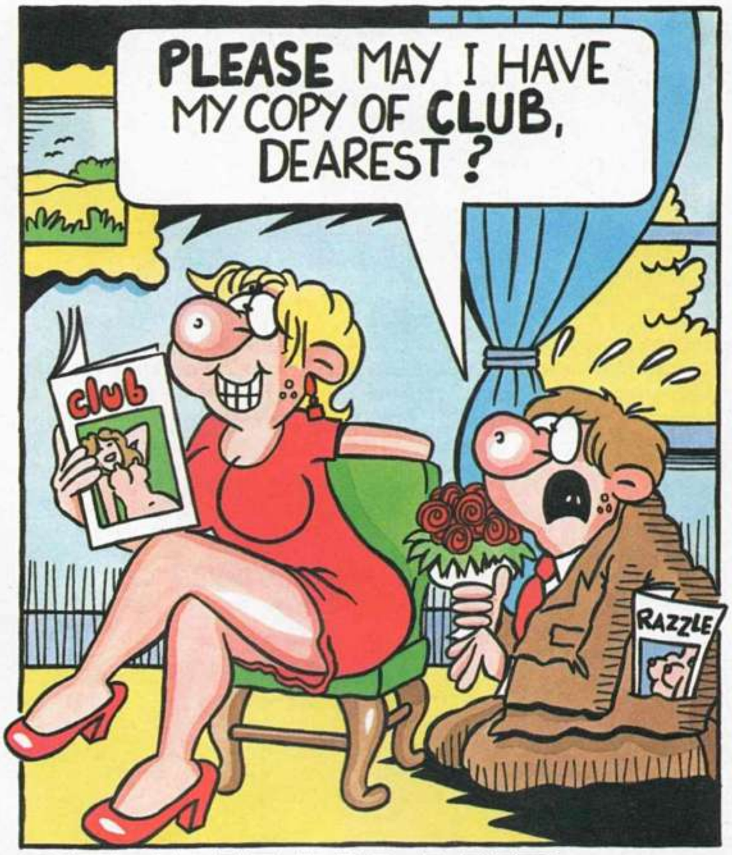
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BED, BOOK AN

Smoke gets in your eyes. Just ask JIMMY DOYLE, who's joined this month by DOROTHEA, a chain-smoking blonde who's steamy in other respects, too. Doyle peers through the haze to assess another bumper crop of tomes and tapes. Join him in his nicotine nirvana . . .

Everybody has a blonde in their life, even if she's only a calendar on their bedroom wall, and mine's Dorothea. Usually, they're ice-cool, too, and she's no exception to that rule. It's also very rare for Dorothea to make an appearance on these pages, on account of she's a real busy lady, with vital statistics as follows: 24 years old, long, straight hair down her back, slightly dollish to look at, promiscuous, chain-smoking, utterly unpredictable, and with breasts and buttocks obviously carved by someone who really knew what they were doing. She's intensely into her own pleasure, and fucks you like you're a stranger in her life, which you certainly are.

Rich-and-Bored (Rosanna) meets Fast-and-Loose (Madonna)

Incredibly, she had a whole weekend free, starting Friday, so I slammed down an invitation so fast it set my teeth on edge. I also explained about the books and the tapes. It seemed to amuse her. She agreed in a tone of voice that put me in mind of a large measure of vodka sliding down the side of a crystal tumbler.

The first book title was pretty appropriate. **Sexual Desire**, it's called, and yet a more stone-cold piece of work you'll be hard put to equal in a year's worth of solid reading matter. There are warnings all over the place not to be misled by the title. For, as its author, Roger Scruton, asserts right away: 'One must leave sex out of the discussion of desire.' It is "a work of philosophy", and not for airbrains or anyone who fits an IQ to their libido like a new magazine clip to a machine-gun. No, civilization has clearly suffered such a profound crisis in terms of sexual behaviour that it's time someone with spectacles and a long curriculum vitae rode up on his white steed and pulled us all back from the abyss.

Obscene Display

'That sounds like my kind of book,' said Dorothea, who hadn't been paying much attention. 'Is it horny?'

'Not even remotely. It's the sort you take with you to a desert island in the hope that, after a chapter or two, you'll be concussed by a coconut.'

'It can't be *that* bad,' said my sceptical companion. 'Give me a taste.'

'You asked for it,' I grinned. 'This ought to interest you. This is him on female masturbation: "Consider the woman who plays with her clitoris during the act of coition. Such a person affronts her lover with the obscene display of her body, and, in perceiving her thus, the lover perceives his own irrelevance". Shall I go on?'

Dorothea didn't even answer. She lit another cigarette and began impaling the smoke-rings with her index finger. Moralists will often get this type of reaction when their collar's too full of starch, when they're verbose, repetitive, didactic, smug, indecently abstract, utterly uncontradictable and on a mission from God.

Four hours later, I was still hanging in there, while Dorothea spent a lot of time on the phone – chiefly long-distance – filling up the very few white spaces left in her diary. I could see it was advisable to pass on; that is, before I received the urge to go out and buy myself a tambourine, or the phone company disconnected me. **Caracole** was top of the heap, a spectacular sexual and poetic fable by Edmund White, where the terrain is hot with decadence and the players interrupt their own dialogues to engage in musical chairs – only the chairs all have two legs and the sounds they make are the result of serious friction.

Absolutely Explicit

Two young desperadoes, Gabriel and Angelica, quickly get fucking in the Troublesome Mountain once the boy has got off his horse, name of Curfew. Ah, now I may have forgotten to mention it, but symbolism is Dorothea's big number. She's really at home for Tolkein, William Blake, The Rosetta Stone, weird tombs and revelations. So, in a sense, she was in there before I was. Orgies went by, figs were eaten, a few fallacies were brought to book; all aesthetics on top and the cunt below. The fantasy's elaborate, the language lyrical, and the action absolutely explicit.

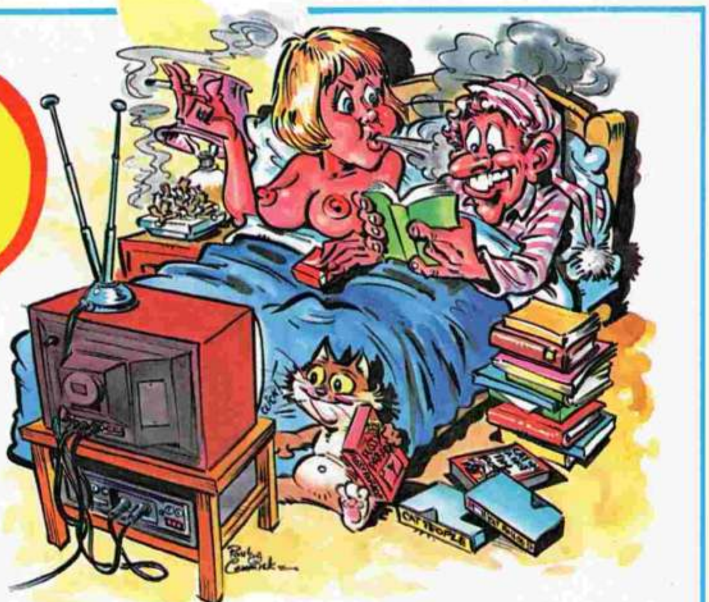
There was only one thing for it – another potboiler. I picked up **The Flesheaters**, while Dorothea still buried herself alive inside White's comic sex-and-doom culture. Prepare yourself for some shocks with this one. It's not the first time a madman's been put in charge of narration, but in Ireland's slim volume (an asylum, basically), this loon has plenty to keep him company. There's Crystal, the Baby Doll idealist, or 'the child Greta Garbo never had', the castrated writer who lives on top of trees composing from back to front, the little girl who paints people dead in the colour of their choice, and the old woman who lives in a kennel – as opposed to a shoe, I suppose. Nice. This was turning out to be quite a weekend for displacement.

'What's that one all about?' said Dorothea, at last putting down **Caracole** and looking me full in the face for probably the first time since she arrived.

'Predators,' I said, significantly.

'Right you are,' she replied, leaning across me to snatch up a copy of William Wiser's **Disappear-**

VIDEO



ances, which was next on my list, and quite deliberately ignoring the effect her toast-coloured body had on mine as she did that.

I might have made something of it, if the story hadn't got a hold of me almost right away. The speaker's an old man returning to the Paris of his youth in the 20s, when he was open to seduction, and Landru, the infamous Bluebeard of Gambais, was on trial for his life. A small matter of 283 missing women, mostly widows and spinsters of modest income. It's the progress of two rakes, really – the polite, dapper little second-hand furniture dealer in the dock, and the speaker's father who seems to resemble Frank Harris. Nobody appears to die exactly, they just vanish.

I imagine Landru as Chaplin portrayed him in *Monsieur Verdoux*; comic, quick-witted, and sexually plausible to all those who go to bed alone. Here, though, Wiser's young reporter hangs out with hookers, particularly Fleur or Solange, taught by a horse trainer-turned pimp, who boasts: 'I break them in for others to ride.' But he never cracks the secret of conquest or disposal. The others take that with them when they go. Dorothea and I came to the last page simultaneously. There's a sort of harmony to that.

Sexual Odour

Then a classic whodunnit, **The Killing of Justice Godfrey**, which, according to Thomas de Quincey used to be, since 1678, 'the greatest unsolved murder in English history'. At the height of anti-papal sentiment, the body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, London magistrate, was discovered face-down in a Primrose Hill ditch – his own sword run through his body, plus signs of strangulation. Naturally, this was a case for Stephen Knight, the man who provided a final solution to the Ripper murders and then pursued, at no small risk to himself, some inside dope on the Freemason movement, the most secret society of all.

Once again, this hit a nerve with Dorothea, who seemed oblivious to the fact that she was stark naked and exuding a strong sexual odour right next to a man supposed to be getting a little work done. She swiped the book from my fingers and held it in such a way that I had to peer over her shoulder to make any headway with the text. It's good, too; stoutly reasoned, and a flawless piece of detection.

The pile was almost gone. Just **The Chronicles of Clovis** to go before I switched on the machine. Saki was the pen-name of HH Munro, a man who played life pretty close to the waistcoat and was killed in 1916 before a whole lot more about him could be unearthed. He wrote pithy tales of upper-class, drawing-room violence. Good food has priority over humanity. Well-bred characters surrender voluptuously to asparagus, oysters, or, in one memorable instance, a peach – 'one of those exuberant peaches that meet you halfway, so to speak, and are all over you in a moment.' Dorothea, who had been idly stroking me while I read this, withdrew fairly smartly in case I mistook her for one.

Thus, in a mood of quiet exasperation, I brought the video to life with a film called **Witness**, starring Harrison Ford, who needs no introduction, and the Amish community, which probably does. They're a rural farming, fundamentalist group in Pennsylvania who've managed to evade the 20th Century altogether until the small son of a beautiful creature called Rachel Lapp (Kelly McGillis, great tits) accidentally stumbles on a murder in progress. She's a recent widow and he's a loner with almost no family ties.

Then we arrived at what Dorothea nicknamed *The Great Breast-Washing Scene By Candlelight.* You might think that because this is a sex magazine you're reading and I have a nude girl beside me, that my thoughts are always trained in that direction. Wrong. I just like the scene. I think it conveys more about desire in three minutes than endless footage of the sort of mechanical seed-transfer in frothy, purple-veined close-ups of humping with dubbed asthma and moaning on the soundtrack, that's all.

'So that turned you on, did it?' said Dorothea, asking a question to which she already knew the answer.

My response was to insert the next cassette, **Desperately Seeking Susan**, a racy little comedy-thriller with two female leads, the very underrated Rosanna Arquette, as Roberta, a rich and bored housewife who scans the red-hot lover columns in the classified sections, and the equally over-rated Madonna, she of slut-rock fame, playing the fast-and-loose thrill seeker, Susan, on the run from a murderous jewel-thief. 'Desperate,' murmurs Roberta, in the hairdressers, 'I love that word. It's so romantic.' Right that moment, I knew exactly what she meant, believe me.

To cut a long and devious story short, Roberta becomes Susan becomes Davina, Queen of the Night, busty assistant to a cut-rate magician. Madonna cools her armpits on the automatic hand-drier, and piles on the sort of charm that managed to run down a photo-journalist last year who got a fraction too close to her car. At one point, a cat licks the glass on a goldfish tank.

'That's a wild image,' said Dorothea, 'I like that.'

Me? I was busy relating to Rosanna Arquette, who had me nibbling a corner of the sheet with lust. I wasn't getting any in real life, so the next best thing was to disappear up the tube with a fabulous dream.

Just Loving

Then we both came down hard with the appearance of **Pale Rider**, yet another bleak appellation for Clint Eastwood as The Man With No Name and almost as little dialogue. In most of his westerns, nobody ever seems to know who the hell he is. He shoots and never misses. Others miss him altogether, or their guns never clear the holster. That's just the way it is, as he tells the girl who fancies him here not to spend her future on a man like him. 'If I practise just loving for a while, will you teach me the other?' she asks optimistically. If you're as disappointed as she was when he turned down her offer, then there's a great deal of dying to make up for it.

What, I wanted to know, was Dorothea's opinion of this?

'He's your sex symbol, not mine,' was all I got for my trouble.

The weekend was closing down as I put on **The Late Show**, which starts out as a song and dance about a stolen cat but swiftly changes gear and becomes a truly complex, murderous exercise with gunplay, car chases, hot stamps and lots of corpses. Art Carney gets the part of a really decrepit private eye with a bum leg, a perforated ulcer and a hearing aid. He has news for Lily Tomlin, a real screwball who teams up with him, because he remembers the old days 'back in the '40s, when this town was crawling with dollies like you, good-looking coquettes trying their damndest to act tough as hell.' They did it better back then.

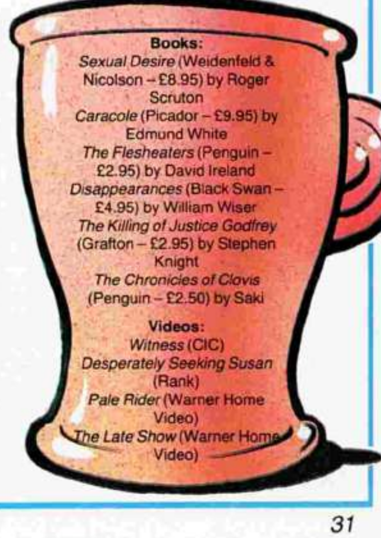
Agreed. But that's no excuse not to see this. It's the sort of movie you watch with someone else, a cup of black coffee, a king-sized cigarette and still have the mileage for your own late show after the titles go up. You pull the blinds down, and settle into some interesting depravity. Dorothea's into that. Sometimes. Up till then, she'd held out on me.

Finally, she made a move. That's what I call it, anyway, when a woman throws off a bed sheet and kind of eases open her thighs. What you call it is up to you.

'Ah-ha,' I said. 'Mister Scruton would say it's people like you who are constantly bringing homo sapiens to the verge of perversion. You're an animal.'

'Does he now? Sounds a whole lot more interesting than what he's doing.'

And you know something, readers? It was then that she actually began to *growl.* It was warm, passive, toothless and reeking of 'species life' down there between her legs, but pretty soon, I began to perceive my own irrelevance.



Books:
Sexual Desire (Weidenfeld & Nicolson – £8.95) by Roger Scruton
Caracole (Picador – £9.95) by Edmund White
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Disappearances (Black Swan – £4.95) by William Wiser
The Killing of Justice Godfrey (Grafton – £2.95) by Stephen Knight
The Chronicles of Clovis (Penguin – £2.50) by Saki

Videos:
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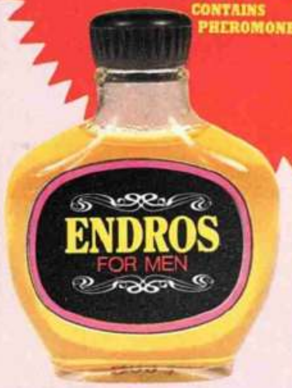

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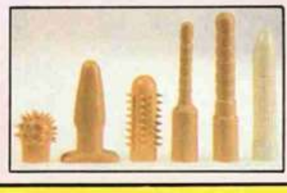

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club Event

Photographs by Dave Antony

We thought we'd bring a bit of culture your way this month, in a feature which can often be described as chaotic, but never classical.

No doubt some of you associate Brahms and Liszt with a particularly heavy night down the pub, or crotchets and quavers with girls' panties and cheesy crisps. If that is indeed the case, it's about time you were introduced to the delights of the Club International musical 'sextet'.

So just sit back, put your feet up, and . . . hey, Heather! What *are* you doing with that cello bow? Oh dear. Here we go again. It only takes one, and they're all at it. The usual story.

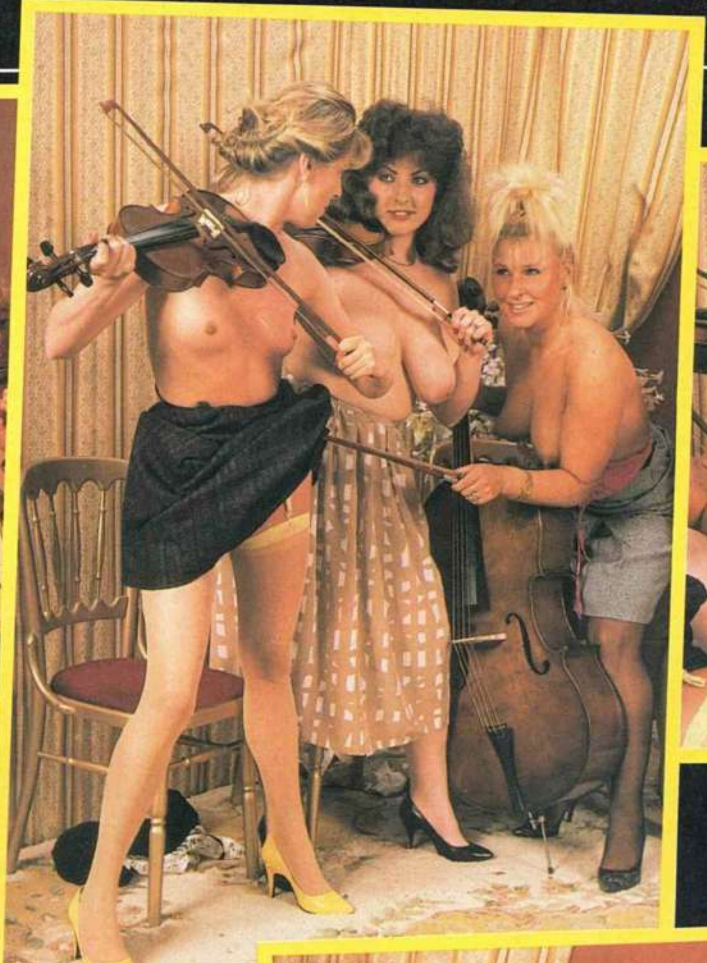
Yes, before long, *Club Event* followed its usual chaotic pattern, meaning the only music to be heard was the high-pitched squealing (C minor, opus 45) of our sextet as they plucked everything in sight except their strings.

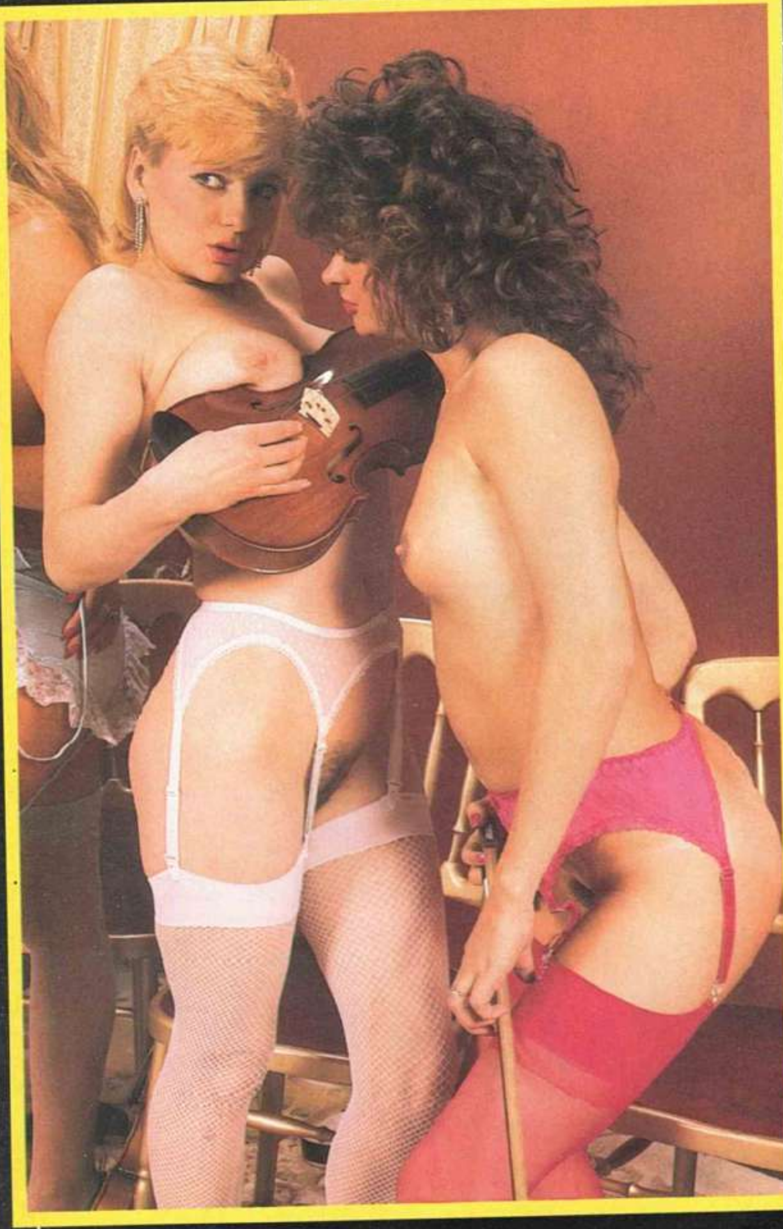
'But wait! What about Mozart?' we cried, plaintively.

'Oh, is he here?' asked Heather. 'I thought he was on *Wogan* tonight.' We would have laughed, but the girl was being serious. Or as serious as it's possible to be at a *Club Event*.

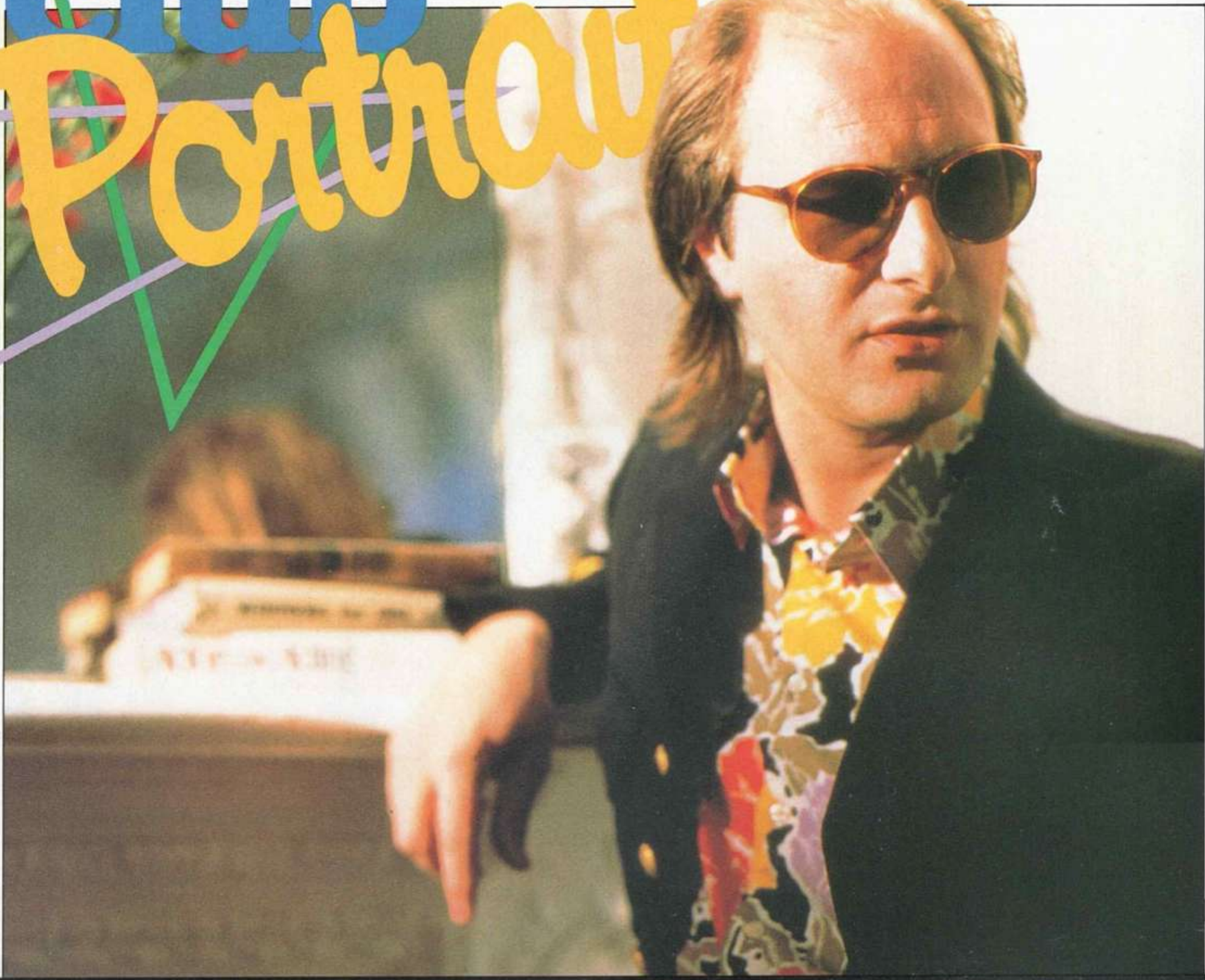
Even the man from Radio 3½, whom we'd asked along with his tape recorder just in case, went away with a smile on his face, muttering something about 'best opening night' and 'technically perfect'.

We feel sure you'll share his enthusiasm.





club Portrait



'You can't take rock music seriously – it's not meant to be, even though people should listen harder to the words and see what's been going on in someone's mind...'

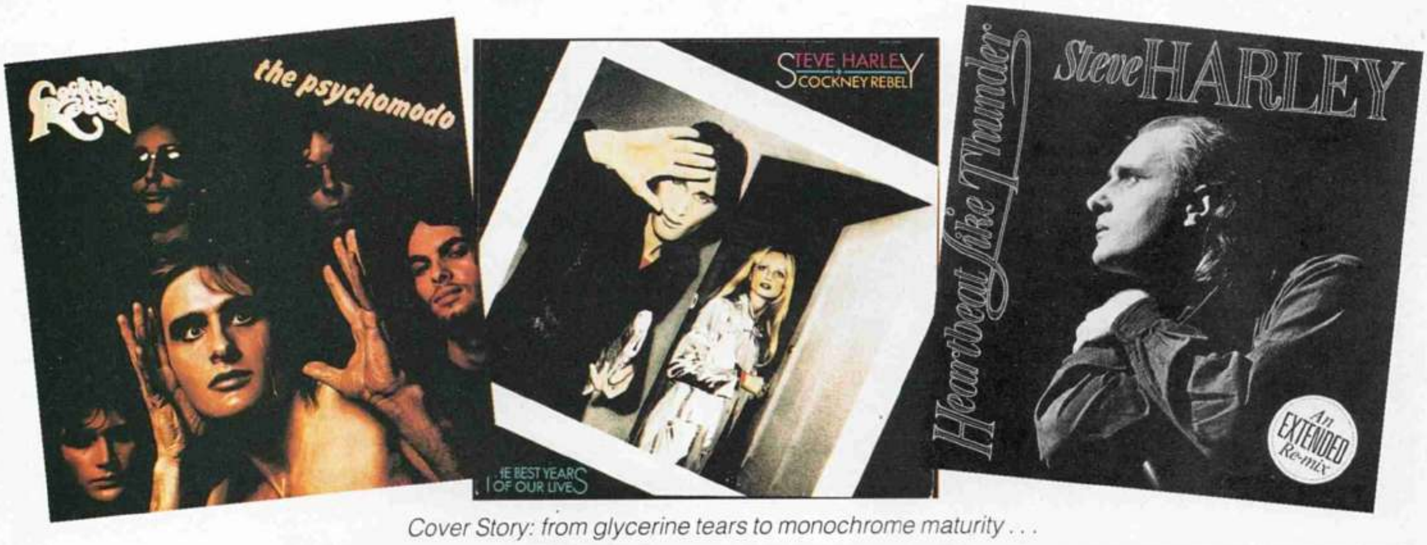
Nicholas Whittaker talks to Steve Harley

Back in the late '60s and early '70s, the young Steve Harley was a reporter on a London local paper. It wasn't what he'd expected of the noble profession of journalism. There had to be a better way of using his imagination and his gift for words than reporting church fêtes and sensationalizing petty crimes for the entertainment of the gossipers. He could write, he could sing, he could play a guitar – so why not be a rock star instead?

And so Cockney Rebel was born ... successfully riding the wave of early '70s glam-rock. Harley knew just what he wanted and how to get it – a confidence which many saw as arrogance. But it paid off with a string of chart successes – *Judy Teen*, *Mr Soft* and the classic *Make Me Smile*. The mid '70s belonged to them for a while and Harley seemed to enjoy being a teen idol. Yet behind the commercialism of the hits there was a deeper lyricism to Harley's work; it wasn't just pop to be played and consumed like bubble gum.

In the late '70s, Harley broke up the band and went solo – though perhaps with more critical than commercial success. When his contract with EMI ran out in 1979 he took a break from the scene, risking the washed-out has-been tag, and did little until he appeared in a New York play in 1982.

But Steve Harley was not a man to be idle for long. His imagination and his songs



Cover Story: from glycerine tears to monochrome maturity . . .

demanded an audience and he was soon back in the studio, having proved the respect which the music business always had for him by signing a new contract with Mickie Most's Rak label. Ironically, it was a hit single with Sarah Brightman, for Lloyd-Webber's *Phantom of the Opera*, which most people assumed to have given him a chance of a comeback. It certainly put him back in the public eye once more, along with much speculation over whether he would take the lead rôle in the stage musical.

I found him in the control room at the Rak studios, listening earnestly to cuts from his latest album. I half expected to find the brash young man of Cockney Rebel; instead I met a mellowed, quiet-spoken, family man, working not just for his daily bread, but because of a restless urge to use his talents, a stubborn refusal to melt quietly into the gallery of rock stars who have opted for complacent retirement . . .

First off, for our younger readers, a little historical background. In the late '60s/early '70s you were working as a journalist on a local paper. What made you want to be a rock star?

'As opposed to journalism? I got sick of journalism, I know that. I was a news reporter. I got tired of that, of hurting a lot of people; provincial papers especially. It's just shoplifting and suchlike – there's no real news in it at all. The neighbours read it and people have to move out of the area because of it. It might be just a middle-aged woman going through a menopause or something, that's all – and it's just so cruel to print a lot of what they print. But, at the time, towards the last year or so that I was a reporter, I was writing songs, busking at weekends at Marble Arch, Hyde Park Corner, earning a few extra bob. I used to play in folk clubs, too, for nothing, just doing floor spots. You just go along and sit there until they shout: "Hey you!" – and you're on, up there doing your Bob Dylan impressions.'

Were you always confident of making the Big Time?

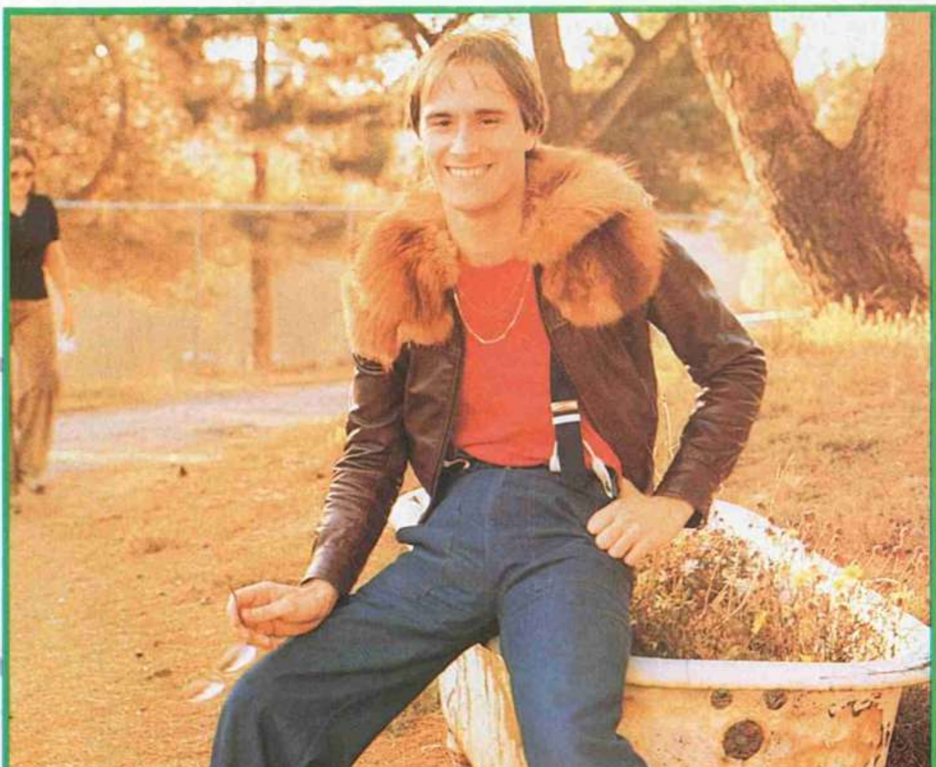
'No. I didn't really want to be a rock artiste or player at all. I liked the folk world, I liked writing songs and strumming the acoustic guitar. But it got bigger. I don't know why. I think I realized that the folk world is a bit of a small one and I didn't feel that I belonged to it any more.'

So what was your reaction to the fame that Cockney Rebel brought you? Were you surprised by it?

'No, I was never surprised. Right from the beginning I thought that there was a definite method. It's harder for me now than it was then. At the beginning you do have that young man's arrogance and the self-belief, the self-confidence that you lose as you get older when you start questioning things much more. In 1972 I was 21, 23 when I first signed with EMI, and I thought that there was a method. I wrote *Judy Teen* and said: "That will be a hit record". It had things in it that would make it a hit, it followed a formula – and I was proved right. And because I was right I didn't have time to be surprised. Had it flopped, and the ones after it, until I finally got one, then I would have been surprised. But it did happen pretty much overnight.'

Did you always feel in control of things – or did you ever feel that your career was slipping out of your own hands?

'No. I was always in control, perfectly happily. Until I decided to stop – and then it



The days of fur and flares for young Steve

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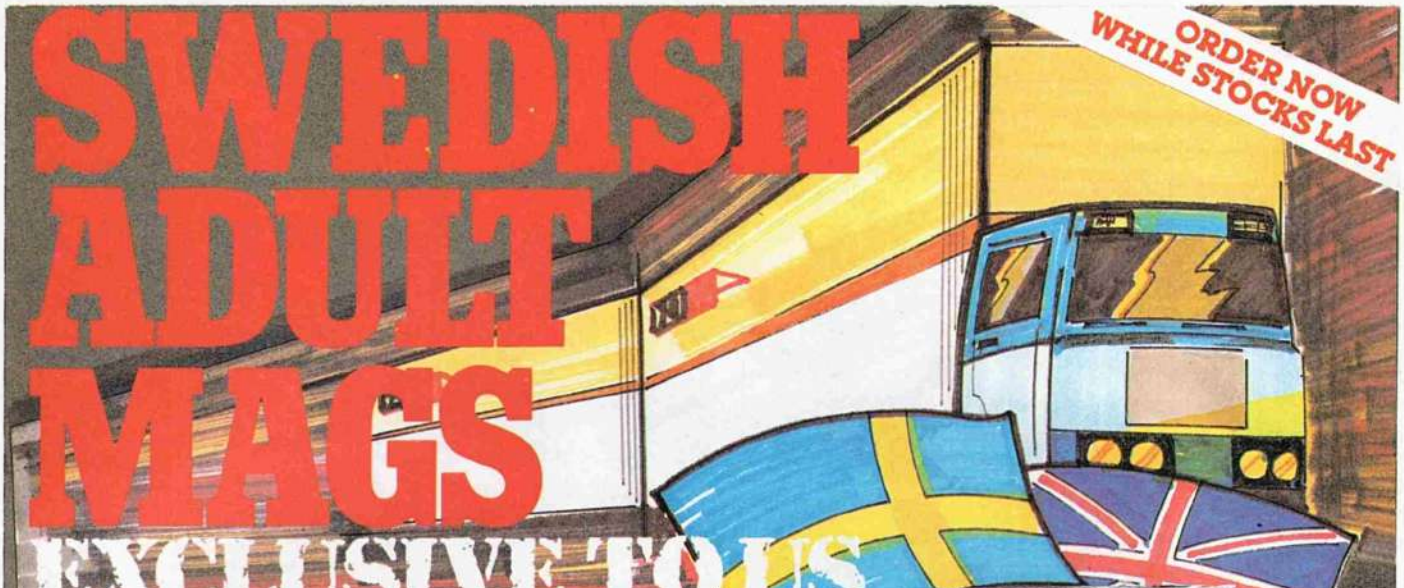

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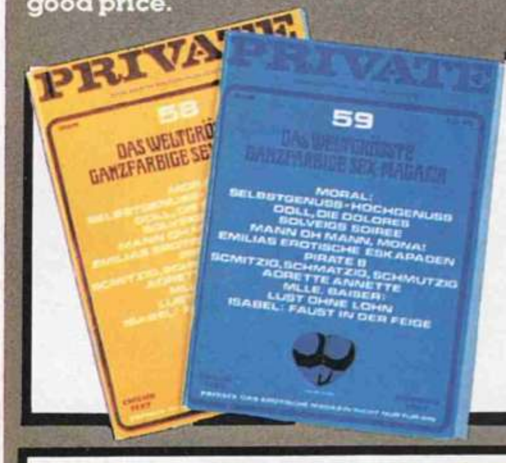

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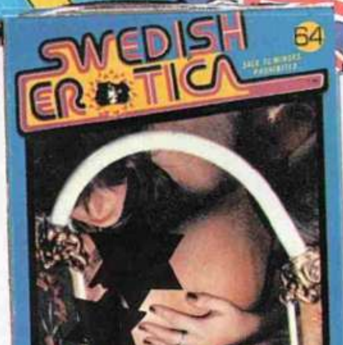

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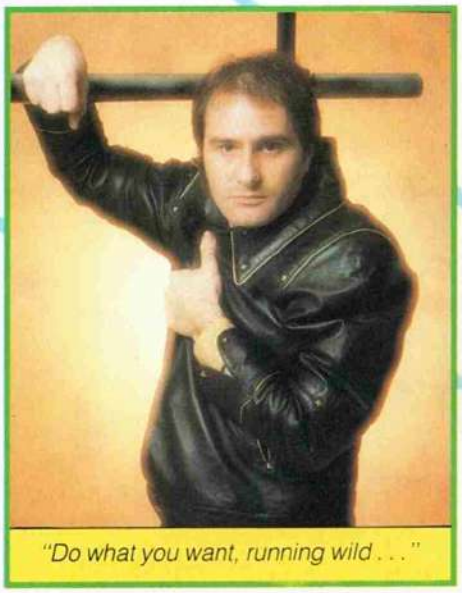

"Do what you want, running wild . . ."

slipped away, or it looks like it did.'

Cockney Rebel split up after a fairly short time. Could you just give us a brief background to why that happened and why you went solo?

'Well, there was the first Cockney Rebel that made the first two albums – *Human Menagerie* and *Psychomodo* – and that split up because we just didn't like each other. I split it up. There was nothing very amicable about it. But Stuart the drummer carried on with me to form a Mark 2 version with Jim Cregan, Duncan McKay and George Ford and we did *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, from which we had *Make Me Smile* and *Mr Raffles*, which were both hits. Now that was a really good band; a very clever band, inventive – and great people. We had fun! We toured the world. And they're still very good friends. So much so that they're all on my new album.'

Then you ducked out of the scene altogether in the late '70s. Was that a conscious decision or was it force of circumstance?

Falling In Love

'It was through circumstances that were under my control, but I chose to relinquish it. It was falling in love and getting married and having our first child, who is now three-and-a-half. I think I truly wanted not to be hustled, I didn't want to be bothered with the pressure any more of having to write music, hit songs – and I was very scared of getting flops. So I was determined not to release a lot of stuff only to find that my reputation suffered. So I didn't put out anything. My contract with EMI had expired and I wasn't bothered about looking for another one. I was happy to sit around and help 50-50 with my wife and my boy.

'Now we've got another one, a little girl who's seven months, and I seem to know her just as well as I knew Kerr, my son, and yet I'm not at home nearly a quarter as much as I was. And it's better. I looked at them and I thought: "I've got to work!" Your finances get depleted and your income diminishes – so you have to work. But there are other reasons, too – pride, self-respect. I did the house-husband bit, but it didn't suit me that much, anyway. I was still writing and reading all the time, mostly at home. Now I get to the studio and work as often as I can.

In 1982 you went into acting and took up a role in a play in New York. How did that come about?

'Oddly enough, it came about because the two people who'd written it – it was about Christopher Marlowe, the 16th Century playwright and poet – were in London and they knew they wanted an Englishman to play Marlowe, so they came here to look for him. A contact of theirs told them he was going to a rock concert one night – Steve Harley at Hammersmith Odeon – and that they should go with him and see me working.

'We had a party after the show and there was a phone call from this agent, who knew me vaguely, and he told me about the two guys and that they wanted to know if I'd take the role of Marlowe in New York. It was a big thrill. "You mean they just want me to come along and read for them?" I said. "No", he said. "They're offering you the role. You are their Marlowe". It just happened like that. I do look a lot like him, oddly enough, like the only portrait there is of him. And that was it. I went over and did it. I loved it. I wanted it to come to London, but it hasn't yet.'

What kind of reviews did it get?

'*I* certainly got good ones. I'm very proud of the cuttings I've got.'

Did you always have theatrical ambitions?

'No, I don't think so. I never even appeared in a school play. I always had journalistic ambitions. I was the one who used to write the review of the school play for the school magazine; I never appeared in the damn things. I think that with rock 'n' roll, when you're a singer, you learn the method of controlling audiences, grabbing their attention, winning them – which is what an actor has to learn – delivery of good speech and dialogue. You can spend 20 years as a guitarist, but as a singer you can learn it in a couple of tours. So I think that's when I thought I was an actor.'

Legitimate Platform

Would you like the chance of a film part?

'Yeah, but it's not a major ambition. I'm more interested in working on stage, on a legitimate platform. But then again . . . I would like it, though I haven't got anyone searching for a part for me.'

How did your involvement with Phantom of the Opera *come about?*

'That was Mike Batt; he's the producer of the record. Andrew had written most of it and Sarah was singing the leading girl's rôle and Mike recommended me for the male lead. I didn't know if I wanted to do it, as it sounded so different to me and my reputation and career moves up till then. But I thought it would be interesting at the very

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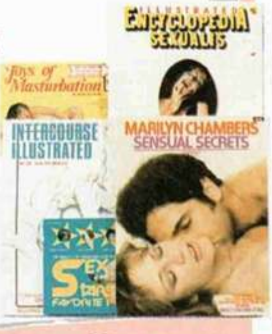

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least. So I went along to see them, sang a couple of songs on the piano with Andrew and Mike – one of which was the Phantom title track – and he asked me to do it.'

What about your involvement in the show itself?

The stage rôle was offered to me – that's been an open secret – but I am not going to play it. I'm sure I'm not. I can't go into any details, but it looks as if that's the way the decision will go. It's getting quite operatic; that's the main reason and I don't think it's necessarily right for me.'

Nevertheless, it's put you back in the public eye.

'Surprisingly enough. I just wanted to sing a song a few months ago, but it did give me a much higher profile than I've had for a few years.'

Working Hard

Do you intend to exploit that resurgence of public interest?

'Oh, yeah – I'm not going to let it go. I'm not silly. I *wanted* it. I'd been six months in the studio on and off making my new album – the first of three I've signed to make with RAK – and we were here working for months before, so I was already back in the swing and working hard. *Phantom* was just an extra piece of work.

'In September we're doing a 20-date British tour, so that'll exploit the new public awareness. *Exploit* is a funny word – "make use of it" might be better. I want to be a success again. If you work; if you're creative; if you write songs and record them, you want to get them in the charts, or else you've failed. Success matters.'

What kind of material can we expect on your new album? Does it differ wildly from your previous work?

'Some of it's pure *me*. There's *Star For A Week*, and a mega-piece called *The Lighthouse*, which is ultra-modern. There's a lot of emulators and strange sounds. They're off the wall and weird, a bit like a lot of people expect me to be. There's a few tracks on the album that could almost have come from *Psychomodo*, only it's today, ten years on. Yet they're equally strange in their approach to the medium of rock. I like that. Some of it's a bit safer, but then I'm 35 now and you write about the life you lead. Safe, maybe, but I hope they're never middle-of-the-road.'

Is The Lighthouse *anything to do with Virginia Woolf?*

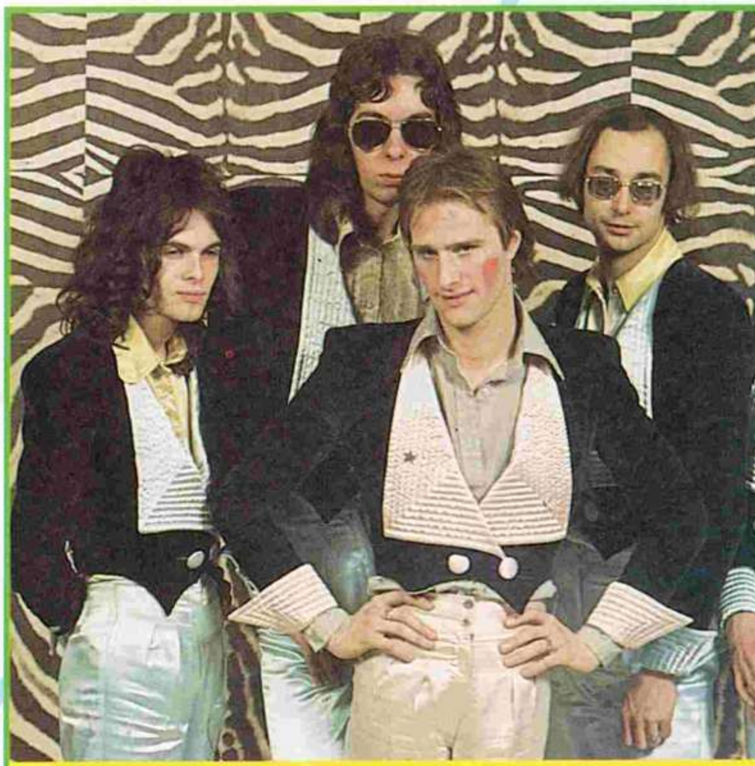
'Oh yeah, it's another nod at Virginia.'

One of your heroines, yes?

'She is. You're thinking of *Riding The Waves*. I stole a few of her lines for that. "He flicked the back of his neck, defiantly, and for such gestures one could fall hopelessly in love for a lifetime". And if you read that, the more you read the great writers (and she's one of them), the more you realize that you yourself will never write the great novel. If she's a writer, then what am I? If her passport says "Writer", what can my passport say? It can't say "Writer" – I don't do what she does. She was from another planet as far as I'm concerned.'

You're doing A-level English Literature at the moment. Why's that?

'Because I never finished A-levels at school. I left halfway through the Upper Sixth. English was always a big subject for me, and literature especially. I'm doing it privately, with my old head of English at the school, who's a good friend. And in the syllabus for next year's exam we've got Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse*. Well, I know it like backwards! My own *Lighthouse* is a very impure love song; very strange, all emulators and crashing 18-foot breakers against the lighthouse wall, very haunting and thunderous. It's pure allegory. He's saying: "Darkness is a message on the sea, light is like a life to the men below. And when your beam is shone on me, I feel a magic glow. Could it be your winking eye, love, could it be your big brown eyes . . ." It's a love song, but it's pure allegory.



Rebels with a touch of rouge . . .

'In rock 'n' roll, they're going to have to listen to it and say: "Er, what's all that about, eh?" It's not your normal lyrics, but it means a lot to me. Takes a bit of working out for the listener, but that's okay. I think in rock 'n' roll they don't look hard enough. Critics don't even listen to the words half the time, they dismiss it. But if you're prepared to give it a few minutes, you realize it's much deeper than it first seems.

Elder Statesmen

You could now probably be classed as one of the elder statesmen of rock. Would you find that complimentary? Do you find that other bands look up to you?

'I don't know about that. I don't mix much – I don't go to night clubs very often and I don't go to club gigs. I don't spend much of my spare time involved in music. I really only like music when I'm working on it, writing, producing, playing. No, I don't like that description because I'm not a "statesman" at all: I haven't had a hit for five or six years apart from *Phantom*, so I'm hardly an important figure in the great scheme of things.

'And the "older" is just a description of one's age, that's all. And we all get older. But, yes, I suppose I have had some influence. *Psychomodo*'s the album that seems to have had the most influence. I get sent a lot of tapes from new bands of cover versions. People say: "I wrote this after I heard *Psychomodo*. My big brother's got it and now I've got a group. It's all because of you, Steve. You turned me on to Virginia Woolf. Thank you".'

You find that literary influence more rewarding?

'Oh, yes, in a way. I take literature more seriously. You can't take rock music seriously – it's not meant to be, even though I said earlier that people should listen harder to the words and see what's been going on in someone's mind.'

Have you got any favourite bands at the moment?

'I don't hear an awful lot. But I like records better. We only last five minutes. I saw a cartoon the other day. It was a real statement on the modern rock world. This guy was saying: "I sold a million records on Tuesday, I was a has-been on Wednesday – and today I'm making a nostalgic comeback". Even so . . . I like Big Country, for instance. I think Stuart Adamson has such clever ideas and Mark Brzezicki's the best drummer in the country – that's why I've got him on my album. Yes, I like them a lot.'

What do you think you'd be doing if Cockney Rebel hadn't have worked out?

'God Almighty, that's so hypothetical. I'd have made a racket. I'd have made my mark in public life one way or the other. I just don't know. I gave up journalism. Maybe I'd have bummed around writing songs or trying to write a book or try to become an actor. I just can't imagine . . .'

You've obviously still got an insatiable thirst for work; for education; for new experience.

'Yes, I'm going to the Guildhall School of Drama at the moment, working with a girl who works for the Royal Shakespeare Company. That's the big event of my week.'

Well, I don't want to make you feel even older, but what do you see yourself doing in, say, ten or 15 years' time?

'Acting. The more Shakespeare I learn and the more I act, the more I realize it's in my blood – language, literature – and I don't see any other outlet apart from acting. Even if I don't do the *Phantom of the Opera*, I *will* act. I'm convinced of that. But there's a few tours to be done before all that; a bit of rock 'n' roll, a few more years of being out on the road and doing what I've missed for the past few years.'

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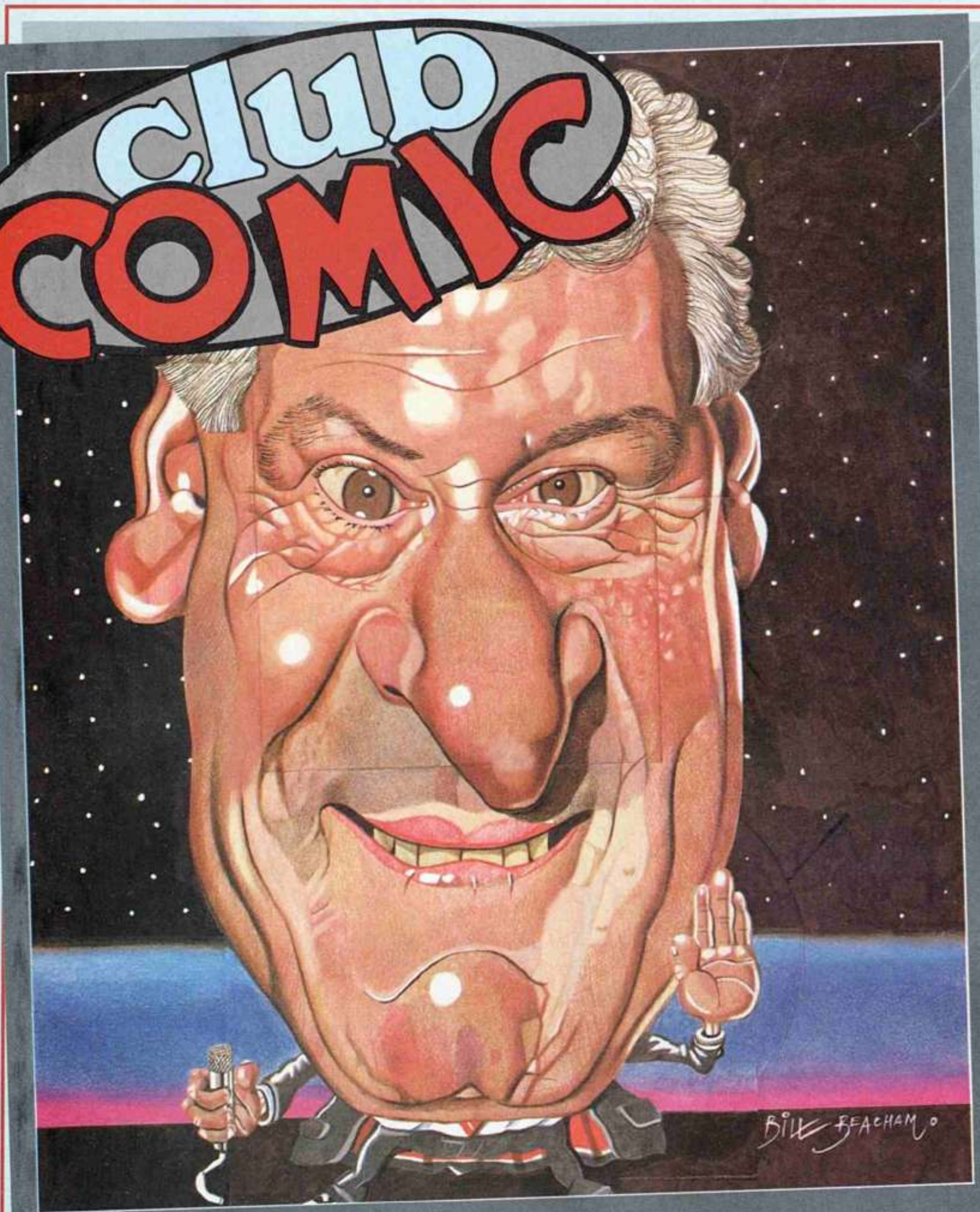


Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

ROY WALKER

Real success came to Roy Walker late in his professional career. It was not until he appeared on *New Faces* in 1977, at the age of 37, that he became nationwide property, being awarded the highest-ever marks given to any comic on that programme.

But even then there were hiccups. The next week he was beaten by two other comics. 'We drew lots as to who would go on first, second, and third. I came last, so I asked them if they would tell me what they were going to do so I could use different material, but they didn't. They refused. It was a very cut-throat business. The prospect of the grand final and the winner going on to Las Vegas was too much for fair play, I'm afraid.

'However, they did me a favour,' chuckles Roy, as I meet him in a Birmingham hotel where he is shortly to go on and do a gig. 'You see, I wasn't really ready for the big time, and by not winning that heat, it gave me time.

Hard Times

'What *did* upset me was that one of the judges, a bandleader who had better be nameless, didn't particularly like my act. The other three judges were giving me 95, 95, 95, and the others 90. *He* gave the comic he preferred a score of 90, and marked *me* down to 52!'

Roy Walker, Belfast born, bred, and brought up, has the Ulsterman's rawboned red face under a thatch of grey hair, and is now enjoying huge success as host of TVS's Sunday night quiz programme, *Catchphrase*.

'The great thing about it is that there are no real losers, because every player wins some cash,' he says, with the feeling of someone who has come up the hard way and is no stranger to hard times. 'It's tough, and there's a lot of pressure in the last minute going for the big prize.

'I like *Catchphrase* because it's my sort of programme to host,' he says, sitting back in a blood-coloured leather banquette, as gales bring the temperature down to 1°C in the centre of Birmingham. 'I hate these shows where you get all this shouting, jumping up and down, and the quizmaster waving his arms about.

'I tried all the quick-fire stuff, but it didn't work. Nobody could understand my Irish accent. I was forced to slow down my delivery and the style just developed from there.' The Roy Walker style is very Northern Irish. Absolutely dead-pan.

'I knew *Catchphrase* was right for me,' he continues, 'because it allows me to be a comedian *and* a quiz host. It is a very fast, exciting, show, yet I can slow the pace down and lift it again whenever I choose.'

Roy is short for Robert. His grandfather began calling him Roy, and he was that or Rab at home. He was a boy soprano who turned comic when his voice broke and when he was forced to do gags one night at the old Broadway club in Manchester when the electricity was turned off by a strike halfway through his act. His jokes quietened everybody down and stopped panic as waiters hurriedly brought candles to the tables.

'When I did *New Faces*, the vogue then was for comics – just as today it seems to be for impressionists. So I went along with the comedians. A lot of them were my friends earning extraordinary salaries. I had always been able to tell *them* jokes they had never heard before. I thought, I'm wasting my time singing. They are making a fortune out of some of the gags I tell them, so why not me?

'I always knew I would be on the stage. That's all I ever wanted to do. Neither my father, who died when I was very young, my grandfather, nor any other member of my family had ever been anywhere near it themselves. But I had an aunt who used to take me singing around places on Sunday. I had this choirboy voice and was in great demand at weddings and funerals in Northern Ireland. I was a wee devil. I'd go to a place and they would ask me where I had been. "Oh, Derry, and Aughrim", I'd say. "And they gave me ten shillings last week". Which meant, of course, that I never got less than a quid!

'*Cars* would actually call and pick me up – unheard of in our part of Belfast. I was probably the only member of my family who had ever *been* inside a car.

'I went to Park Parade school, the same one as Ronnie Carroll, right in the centre of Belfast. I was at the cinema or theatre every day and night. That was my escape. I remember seeing Laurel & Hardy and Frankie Laine at The Opera House.

'When Roy Rogers came to town and rode down Royal Avenue on "Trigger", there was a Belfast hard man called Silver McKee. Silver had been up to the Co-op milk place the morning before and cut the tails of all the white horses there. He tied a little bow on each one and sold it as a souvenir of "Trigger" at £1 apiece!

'I got a job in a butcher's with a view to becoming an apprentice. I was on the message bike cycling past The Opera House when I saw a notice: "Auditions! Boy Sopranos Wanted". It was for Francis Longford's British Boys' Choir. I was so excited I fell over the handlebars as my tyre caught in a tram line. It was a wet day and I got myself covered in carthorse dung. They wouldn't let me in at first because I smelled too much. I went home, changed, came back, sang *Ave Maria*. They said: "You're on tonight, sonny!" They paid me a fiver a week – a fortune in those days – and I became a professional artiste at the age of 14.

'From there I went to Pontypool, Pontypridd, did the Welsh Valleys, went into England, then my voice broke and I came home. From appearing on the same bill as Alma Cogan, Eddie Calvert, and Cardew Robinson, and working with Freddie Mills, I was back to nothing. You try singing lower when your voice starts to break, and hope the boss won't hear you, but it's only a matter of time.

'My grandfather used to stand over me and make me reply to every fan letter, but they, of course, eventually dried up now I was out of the business. My grandfather took me down to the shipyard to see if he could get me an apprenticeship down there. I sang below decks, in pubs, in the Sally Anne; everywhere. Eventually Jimmy Young, the comedian, heard about me and gave me a job as one of a group of four boy singers in his show. I was 16. It was great. We did fit-ups all over Northern Ireland. I remember coming back from long journeys in the early hours in the back of a van, looking at hedgerows and the countryside. I had seen nothing like it. I remember the first time I ever went to Enniskillen – it was like America!

'By the time I was 19, I was doing a little bit of Ulster Television. Jimmy sent me to London, but I couldn't have arrived at a worse time. Theatres were closing. There were over 2000 acts out of work. I was called up in the Ulster Rifles. It gave me two years to sort myself out. I liked it so much, I did another four. I became a sergeant eventually and was a bit of an athlete. I threw the hammer for Northern Ireland, but backed off when I started coming up against the international greats!

> 'I was so excited I fell over the handlebars as my tyre caught in a tram line. I got myself covered in dung . . .'

Irish Boomerang

'I went to Borneo with the Army. We all had dysentry in the jungle and lost a lot of weight. I bought one of those Singapore suits they make to measure in a day. By the time the troopship reached Southampton I had outgrown it!

'I remember Christmas in the jungle in 1963. The RAF dropped us our Christmas dinner: 2000 sandbags and half a ton of beetroot. The requisition order had been for 2000 cigarettes and half a ton of potatoes!

'It's the same as someone asking the Irishman if he had a cure for a hangover. "Aye", he tells him. "Get plenty of drink down you the night before!"

'And they've also invented an Irish boomerang. It doesn't come back. It just sings about it.

'Australians', muses Roy, 'are very evenly-balanced people. They have chips on both shoulders.'

Being Irish, Mr Walker agrees, is certainly an advantage for a comic, and suits his round-the-world comedy repertoire.

'Didja hear the motto of the Italian SAS? *Who cares who wins!*

'Some fella, you know, broke into the Kremlin, and stole next year's election results.

'Anyway, did you hear that women are going to become priests and ministers? Oh, yes. It means they will wear Cross Your Heart bras and No Nonsense pantie hose . . .'

Roy Walker doesn't think much of London as a cradle for comic potential. He reckons they've only had two good comics in the last 40 years; Max Miller and Jim Davidson.

'London humour tends to be very saucy. I don't think that audiences there appreciate good humour of the type you get further north, especially in Liverpool and the North East, where I used to live – in Peterlee, just below Sunderland.'

Catchphrase, he readily admits, was 'a piece of luck. I didn't get excited. Someone had seen me in the Russ Abbot show and asked me to do a pilot. I had always resisted suggestions that I get a catchphrase, anyway. Jimmy Tarbuck and Bob Monkhouse don't need them, and they have been stars for 25 years. Anyhow, I did the pilot and they called me up the next day and told me I'd got the job. I was in bed with 'flu and a temperature of 106. It was my son's 21st, and we had some friends over from Ireland, but *how* I recovered!

'We all went out and had one hell of a triple celebration.'

Roy Walker is a nice man: genuine, easy to get on with, and have we got time for a drink before I catch the 8.52 back to Euston?

In the bar he talks about golf. Only after prodding does he admit to having a handicap or eight. Since *New Faces* he has appeared on all the major television variety shows including *The Bob Monkhouse Show*, *Tarby and Friends*, *The Paul Daniels Show*, *Blankety Blank*, *A Night of a Hundred Stars*, and, of course, *The Comedians*.

Roy and his wife, Jean, live in Lytham St Annes. They have two sons – Mark and Philip – and a daughter, Joanne. The Walker household has been taken over by Roy's professional side. 'I got fed up working in my own room. It was like a prison. So I kind of spread out, with gags all over the dining room and the hall. We can only eat in the kitchen these days. I haven't had dinner on the dining room table for two years now!

'Comedy is *timing*. And your attitude has to be the right one for the right audience. No, I don't think that television makes life harder for comedians nowadays. I think it makes us all sharper; makes us work harder. With all the tapes going around you have to be into one-liners, because, if you resort to story-telling, your audience is right there with the pay-off line a long time before you are.'

Roy Walker is not the kind of comic who gets trouble from boisterous stagesiders when he's playing a club – 'Not like Bernard (Manning), who really thrives on heckling.' He is, however, modestly proud of one occasion.

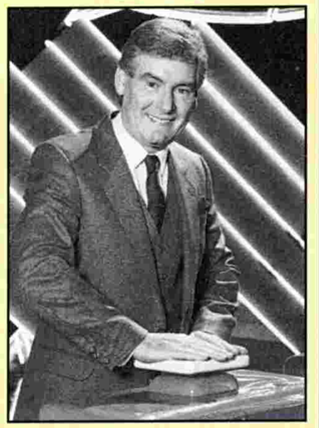
Not Rude

'I was working aboard ship. There was this American who looked like Jack Benny, but he didn't have his decency. This man had a very ignorant attitude. He was raucous, and used to interrupt. If you were an entertainer you had to watch what you said. You could not be rude to the paying passengers. This man came in this night, very loud. I asked him where he was from. "America", he said, "The land of liberty". "Oh, that's nice", I replied. "You're 15 minutes late here tonight. You were two years late coming into both world wars, and you didn't turn up at all in the Falklands!"

'The audience went mad. They nearly wore their hands out with applause, and the man just collapsed after that.

'The next morning I was up on the carpet before the Captain. The American had complained. "Walker", he snapped, looking up at me over his glasses. "Last night: *naughty* . . . er, but nice! Carry on!"'

MY FAVOURITE GAG



'Did you hear the one about the Irish ghost? Poor fella had trouble climbing the wall.'

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Videos featured are available from Licensed Sex Shops (18R) and Stockists (18) in accordance with the VRA 1984

Photographs by Joe King

VICTORIA

club SOAP

BEST

SWITCH ON TO THE ALTERNATIVE CHANNEL IN BRITAIN'S

SCENE 1. A BUSY STREET IN SOHO

Dreary music played on a barrel-organ intermingled with typical sounds of a street market, ie middle-class asparagus and broccoli merchants pretending to be Cockney barrow-boys. Camera tracks through market as unpaid extras flash their Harley Street bridgework in a pathetic attempt to grab the viewing public's all-too-fickle attention. To no avail: the camera zooms in past them to a gaudily-lit shop window with its fly-blown display of peep-hole bras, leather posing pouches and dusty pink negligées. A cat dozes peacefully on a pile of basque corsets, unaware of the moral dangers around him . . . A flickering neon sign above the doorway reads alternately EX HOP or SEY SHO. This is the Soho branch of the Veronica Winters chain of sex shops, "merchandisers of stylish erotica for the discerning lover". The discoloured strip curtains waft apart in the monoxide-laden breeze and we are inside where LIL, the manageress, is talking to one of her regular customers, GRAHAM WITTERS.

SCENE 2. INSIDE LIL'S SEX SHOP

LIL: (Flicking the ash off her Kensitas) It's like I say, Graham, the bottom's dropped right out of the fancy lingerie business. Where's the blinking enigma in a peep-hole bra these days? Not when you get it pushed in your face every day in the blinking newspapers . . .

Zoom out from Lil's tits

GRAHAM: (Dribbling appreciatively) Wish I did, Lil. Wish I did . . .

LIL takes out a crumbling Kleenex from her handbag and wipes his spittle off a pile of 1986 catalogues, giving him her best Winston Churchill stony glare.

LIL: I've got some gorgeous open-crotch panties in stock – cerise, lilac, peach, baby-blue, every blooming pretentious shade you could ask for. But where's subtle mystery when those little madams over the road are showing their wiry whatnots to anybody with a spare fifty pee?

GRAHAM: I don' know, Lil. More boobs – that's what the country needs to get it back on its feet. It's the thought of 38D cups that kept our lads going in the trenches.

His nose in her cleavage here.

LIL: Give it a rest, Graham.

GRAHAM: If I was in the House I'd introduce a Private Members Bill to outlaw brassieres altogether.

LIL: 'Ere, you leave your private members talk out of this. This is a respectable soap opera and I'm having none of that talk in this 'ere establishment, Graham Witters.

GRAHAM: Sorry, Lil. Cor Blimey, I didn't mean no offence.

CUT TO SCENE 3. WIN & LEW'S CAFE

The cheerful snapping and crackling of eggs and bacon à la Mazola and the good-natured chattering of assorted bon viveurs from London's vortex of vice. ARCHIE, the local eccentric (ie Nutter) waits at the counter.

Hollywood cockney to help U.S. sales.

ARCHIE: Ah'll 'ave a cap o' Rosie Lee, lav.

The man grins, displaying the tooth which has been carefully blacked-out with a felt-tip by Fiona Theakston-Matthews to simulate her concept of the impoverished man-in-the-street.

LEW: (With Cockney affection) Piss orf, Archie. This is a respectable caff, we don't want the likes of you putting our fhackin' clientele off their bangers 'n' mash. You stinkin' old fart. What a pen and ink . . .

ARCHIE: That's nice, innit. I been a regular at this caff for nigh on twenny years and I ain't never been spoken to like that afore. It's a bleedin' shame when a bloke can't get a cap o' tea in his own manor when there's the likes of cabinet ministers sneaking about peep-shows with an 'andful of fifty pees a-peepin' and a-gawpin' at the lasses . . .

LEW: If you're not out of here before I count three, you'll get a feel of cold Salami up your harris.

Archie turns away from the counter, causing the assembled gastronomes to wrinkle their nostrils as he passes towards the door, pausing only to stick two grimy digits up at the scandalised Lew.

MIX TO SCENE 4. SEX SHOP INTERIOR

GRAHAM is flicking through one of the underwear catalogues, while LIL watches him apprehensively. An unpleasant leer spreads across his face.

LIL: I don't know, Graham . . . I don't want to get reported to F.U.C.T.

GRAHAM: What's FUCT?

Promised Wunderwear a plug – big C.U. cover

LIL: The Federation of Underwear and Chemise Traders. There are very strict rules limiting the unfair promotion of erotic garments.

GRAHAM: I've got to see what I'm buying, haven't I?

LIL: Who yer buying them for, that's what I'd like to know.

GRAHAM: I just like to have them in reserve, just in case.

LIL searches his face for signs of a con-trick. But a sale is a sale, and she retires shyly behind a screen, emerging a moment later in a peep-hole bra and open-crotch panties. GRAHAM wipes the steam from off his spectacles with a snotty handkerchief and peers avidly at her cleavage.

LIL: Hurry up, I'm cold.

ENDERS

NAUGHTIEST SQUARE MILE. SCRIPT BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

GRAHAM reaches out to feel the garments between his finger and thumb. LIL slaps his face angrily.

LIL: There's an adequate description of the superior materials used in these garments in the catalogue. There's no call for fingering the goods.

GRAHAM looks sheepish. To LIL's relief he takes out his wallet and slaps down a couple of notes on the counter.

GRAHAM: Okay, Lil. I'll take them. End scene on BCU Lil's tits.

CUT TO SCENE 5. INTERIOR PEEP-SHOW

TRACY and SHARON are performing their nude wiggling routine for the benefit of a punter. All that can be seen is a pair of eyes staring through the open letter-box flap. TRACY picks up her mug of coffee and takes a sip while SHARON carries on gyrating.

TRACY: He wears me out, that one. I feel like his blinking eyes are shagging me fit to drop.

SHARON: I know what you mean, Trace. It must be costing him a fortune.

TRACY: (Glancing at her watch) Only 20 minutes to go, then I'm off home to carry on with me Open University course.

SHARON: Cor, I don't half admire you, Trace. You've got ambition.

TRACY: I ain't working here the rest of me life, Sharon, parading me bits for all and sundry to fix their peepers on. I want to make something out of my life.

12-2

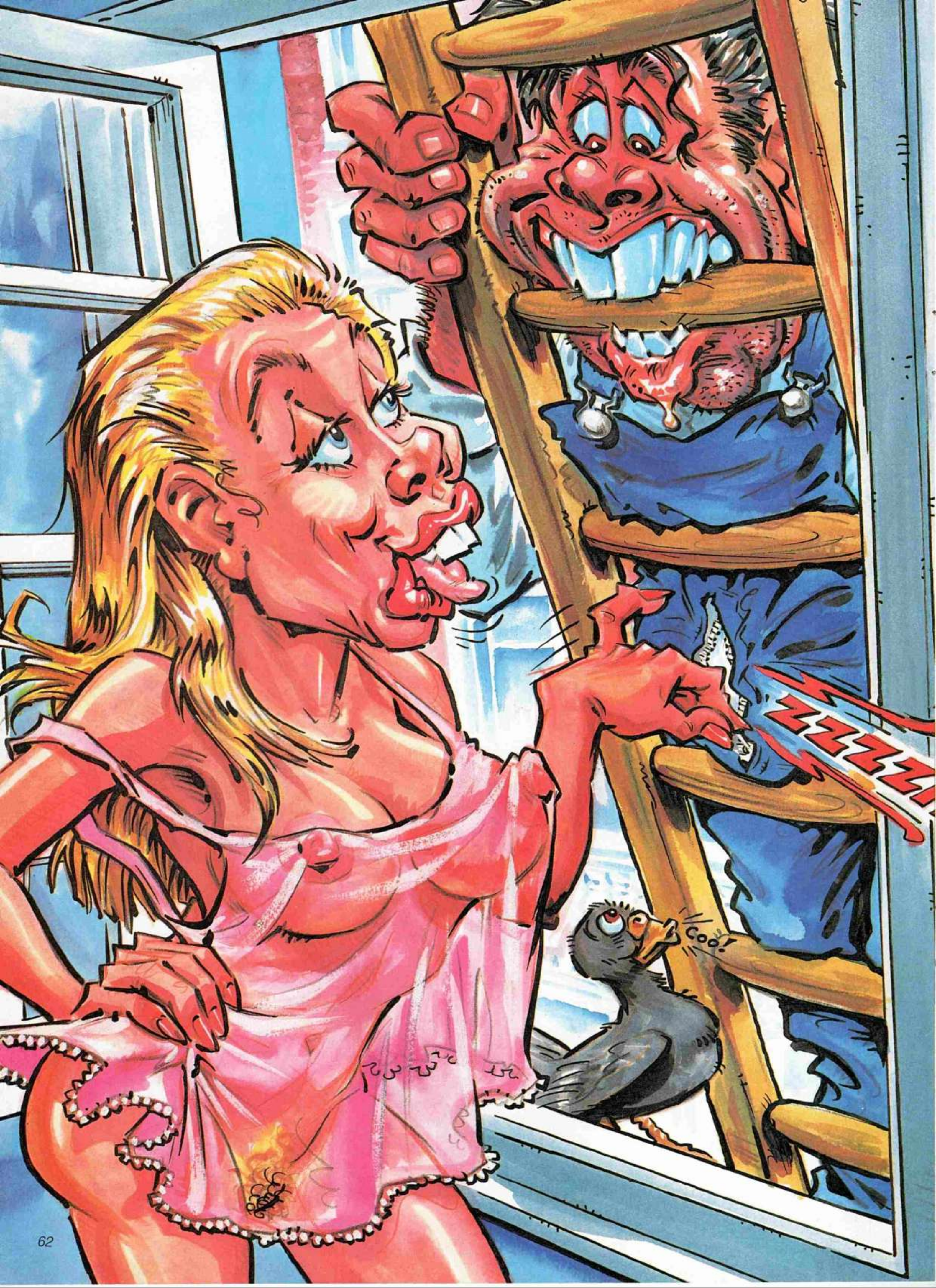
SHARON: Cor, I don't half admire you, Trace. You've got ambition.

TRACY: You've said that once, Sharon.

SHARON: (Looking puzzled) Have I?

Camera Two on Sharon's bum — Freese-frame

Will Sharon repeat herself yet again? Will Tracy lose her set square? Will Win & Lew's Cafe receive a special mention by Egon Ronay? Will Graham Witters find a willing wearer for his purchase? Tune into Club Soap next month and find out some of the answers . . .


ZZZZZ
COO!

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Charles Eaton-Squire has summoned his curvaceous young wife to his study, as is his wont in times of major domestic crisis – minor tiffs and family money matters generally being discussed less formally over lunch at San Fred's.

'Yes, dahling?'

It is midday, yet the lady of the house still sports her diaphanous Janet Reger nightdress, beneath which the faint silhouette of suspender-belt and stocking-tops is plainly visible. As ever, Madam is braless and pantieless.

'Damn it all, Henrietta, this is absolutely THE last straw! How could you let me down like this? AND in full view of our neighbours!"

But is it not his pretty wife's *deshabillée* condition to which Charles refers. It is the fact that, just yesterday morning, the window cleaner called. As usual, Henrietta leaned out of her bedroom window as his shammying was reaching the short strokes, unzipped his overalls, and gobbled him between the ladder-rungs – unaware that Major and Mrs Trumpington-Blare were sunning their leathery paunches on the balcony opposite.

'Gad!'

'Hussy!'

Henrietta might yet have avoided the consequences, had not the window cleaner torn open her blouse and wrung the contents of his suddsy sponge all over her wondrous 34Bs. Unfortunately, the spectacle of her pink, perky nipples protruding from the froth was more than enough to double the Major's pulse-rate and trigger a massive heart attack.

'You've killed him!' screamed Mrs Trumpington-Blare.

'Blurgh!' said Henrietta, jaws locking in fright and chomping into the window cleaner's cock.

'Oh bother!' cried the window cleaner, falling backwards off his ladder.

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Charles screws up his *Racing Post* and hurls it across the room.

'I mean, it's one thing having it off every Wednesday afternoon with some dashing young Earl in the honeymoon suite at Claridge's,' Charles continues. 'But I certainly draw the line at you wrapping your lips around some unwashed working class thing-ey in full view of the whole of bloody SW3. I mean, I know Mrs Trumpington-Blare's manslaughter accusations won't stand up in Court, but just THINK of the scandal: BROKER'S WIFE IN STEAMY SEX STUNT. KILLS 1, INJURES 2.'

'Two?'

'The Labrador's dislocated shoulder, dammit! Well? How would YOU feel with 12 stone of yobbo crashing on to you from three floors up? It's no good, Henrietta. After thinking this over long and hard – '

'Long and hard? Mmmm, sounds nice!'

Unzipping

'Silence, woman! After thinking it over hard and long, I've decided to seek a divorce. So don't go opening your nightie and getting down on your knees and unzipping my fly and putting my thing-ey between your boobs and whispering kinky things in my ear . . . because it jolly well won't work, Henrietta – not this time! It's all in the hands of Briggs, Bissell and Birnbaum.'

'But, dahling, surely that isn't necessary,' purrs Henrietta, optimistically. 'Just give me the house and the BMW, and I'll grant you custody of Little Jeremy in return. Wouldn't that be lovely for you!'

Charles' complexion changes from red to purple and he starts to tremble with rage.

'Little JEREMY? With £6000 school fees to pay and the balance of his £5000 fine for illegal possession due at Knightsbridge Crown Court? It's like Churchill saying to the Russians: "We'll have the whole of Germany, you can have Hitler's corpse"!'

All in all, it is not a TOO-untypical Saturday chez Eaton-Squire, despite the curses threats and flailing genitalia, Henrietta's moral laxity (long suspected; until an hour ago, unproven) has long been a thorn in Charles' side, although his weakness for West Indian prostitutes (attired as French maids, brandishing whips and riding him bareback around Shepherd's Market boudoirs, thwacking his pale, portly flanks while squealing 'Allez-oop, Monsieur PiggyWiggy') has thus far kept him from supplying Messrs Briggs, Bissell & Birnbaum with his secret dossier of Henrietta's suspected sexual misdemeanours.

A frenzied hammering at the front door makes Charles release his grip on his spouse's throat.

Ample Bosom

'Charles, Old Man! Thank God! Terrible case of the squitters! Just happened to be in the vicinity – thought I'd drop in and foul your porcelain. Damn! Looks like I've trodden in something horrid!'

Treading dogshit all the way across the hall, Good Old Bunty Forshaw – loathed by Henrietta above all of Charles' City cronies – makes a bee-line for the downstairs loo. As Charles reaches instinctively for the Hennessy XO, Henrietta gets to her feet, massaging the thumbprints from her epiglottis.

'Pour me one, damn you!' she croaks, stuffing her ample bosoms back into her robe. 'I can't possibly handle you AND that flatulent dipso without a drink. And while you're over there, give me my cheque for last month's housekeeping. I might need it, now you're plotting to ditch me.'

'Don't you earn enough from your bevy of studs without having to bother me for pin money?' snaps Charles, bitchily. Taking the Eaton-Squire Domestic Account No. 1 chequebook from under the silver drinks tray, he notices three cheques crudely torn out, with no details recorded on the stub.

'Was by any chance little Jeremy in here last weekend?' asks Charles.

'Yes, I believe he was,' recalls Henrietta to a background of muffled explosions emanating from the toilet. He said he was looking for something to draw on.'

'Just wait till I get my hands on him! I'll, I'll, I'll – '

Furtive Winks

The ringing doorbell reminds Charles of the day's most important appointment.

'It's an electrician,' says Henrietta, giving the crotch of the young lad's jeans a sneaky once-over. 'Something about the bedroom lights.'

'Er, quite so,' says Charles. 'The jolly old wattage negative earth wire plug acting up again. Upstairs, second door on the right, old chap.'

Charles and the young sparkie exchange furtive winks. Meanwhile, all but asphyxiating on the brown clouds with which he has filled the Eaton-Squire family loo, Good Old Bunty Forshaw reunites his braces with his battered cavalry twills.

'Damn powerful flush you've got there, Henrietta,' he observes, eyes lighting up as he spots Charles frantically trying to hide his favourite cognac behind a pile of *Country Life* on the Steinway. 'Sucked my three-pounder down the U-trap like a frankfurter through a mangle. Be a darling and fetch a glass, would you? Charles and I have something important to discuss. Man's talk and all that.'

After polishing off the bottle and finding themselves faced with a Saturday afternoon of TV racing from Pontefract and Henrietta's open hostility, Charles and Good Old Bunty Forshaw repair to the Daily Grind, a cosy little drinking club in Yeoman's Row, frequented by the shell-shocked ex-military and resting thespians. There, sinking large Glenlivets and lager chasers quicker than a U-boat captain could sink North Atlantic merchantmen, Charles regales his weatherbeaten crony with the sordid facts of his marriage. In truth, Bunty finds Charles' descriptions of Henrietta's alleged infidelities quite titillating, but he struggles to stay loyal.

'Women? Bah! Damn bad lot, if you ask me. Nothing shexual a couple of chaps can't sort out between themselves behind a

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locked lavvy door, what?'

Charles removes Bunty's liver-spotted hand from his knee and stares glumly at his empty glass.

'Bar steward! If you can extricate your cock from the frigging fruit machine for a second, my partner and I require – hic! – further libations.'

Meanwhile, back at Charles and Henrietta's wisteria-clad freehold, a panicky, suddenly divorce-conscious Mrs Eaton-Squire, assisted by Trigger Rogers (one of her more frequent lovers) is busy destroying all record of her countless affairs: bundles of love letters, secret diaries, kinky undies and sleazy sex toys kept for those special occasions when Charles was away on business and big Trigger just happened to drop by ... are deposited in the incinerator.

But it is Henrietta's penchant for recording her extra-marital excesses on snapshots that has her in a tizz.

'You know, I'm positive there's one missing . . .'.

The burly young Canadian sits beside Henrietta (still in her see-thru nightie) on the bed, poring over a photo album.

Leather Bra

'I think you're right. You mean the one of you giving me head in our compartment on the Orient Express?'

'That's the one. I was wearing a black leather peephole bra and the waiter was hovering in the background, waiting for his tip.'

'Fer sher. How could I forget THAT!'

Trigger lowers Henrietta's nightie around her shoulders and starts to kiss her earlobes, spurred on by the array of pornographic Polaroids which litter the quilt.

'Boy, were we good together!' he purrs, lecherously.

'Dammit, Trigger, now just isn't the time!' wails Henrietta, trying to unclamp his hairy hand from her unfettered boobs.

'It never is!' pants the Canadian, tearing Henrietta's nightie to shreds and burying his face between her thighs.

'Oh, you absolute bastard!' screams the lady of the house, thrashing around, making not the slightest effort to disengage herself from her lover's prying tongue.

'Aw, c'mon Henriedda – how's about a quick 69 for ole time's sake?'

'Neo! I absolutely HATE it! Neo! I insist! Urgph!'

> Trigger lowers Henrietta's nightie around her shoulders and starts to kiss her earlobes, spurred on by the array of pornographic snaps which litter the quilt . . .

Back at the Daily Grind, Charles, convinced he has enough evidence of his wife's infidelity 'to have the bitch hung, drawn and quartered', is nevertheless plagued by misgivings. A 50–50 split would be painful, to say the least. And, damn it all, the woman's got a bloody fine pair of tits, even if they ARE shared by the entire lounge bar crowd at the Admiral Cod.

'Whaddoo I do, Bunty? THATSH what I wanna know. Come on, you and me are mans of the world . . .'

'Whadoo you do, Old Shap? Put both barrels down her throat 'n' squeesh the trigger, rape the maids and burn the fuggin plaish down!'

'Great idea, great idea,' enthuses Charles. 'But – '

'But what?'

'We haven't got any maidsh.'

Convinced that Charles has discovered her secret photo album, Henrietta is considerably relieved to find the missing Polaroid tucked inside yet another of her secret diaries. Trigger Rogers has been gone scarcely three minutes when Charles returns from the Daily Grind, somewhat the worse for wear.

'I've got bad news, Charles – you're not going to like it one little bit.'

'Aha! You've discovered the pictures of me and Britt Ekland! Bloody Rod Shtewart! "Move over, Skinny!" I shed. "Here's how a REEEL man makes love".'

'You fool! It's Little Jeremy. He rang from school – about your cheques.'

'Checksh? WHADDABOUT my cheques!'

'He says he was ripped off by some Colombian chappie with a knife, but not to worry, he's unharmed. Don't be too hard on him, dahling, he's only – '

Charles turns a deathly shade of puce and starts to tremble.

'How m-much?'

'Really, dahling, we all make mistakes –'

'How MUSH!'

'Six grand.'

'Oh my God. That means every cheque I've issued thish week will bounce, including the one to – '

'To who, dahling?'

'Never mind, never mind.'

Video Camera

It is a deeply disturbed Charles Eaton-Squire who staggers upstairs, climbs on to his bed, and inspects the electrician's work. Indeed, only a trained eye could detect the video camera lens peeking through the chandelier. Ekshellent! Charles gleefully removes the cassette from the camera body and makes his way unsteadily downstairs to play it back on his TV monitor. Kneeling before the Sony in the living room, shaking his head to cure his double vision like a Spaniel with a flea in its ear, he presses PLAY – and becomes vaguely aware of an altercation in the vicinity of his doorstep.

'I recognize those voices from somewhere . . .'

Getting to his feet, he staggers into the hall to come face to face with Mitzi and Candy – the Shepherd's Market connection.

'Bleedin' rip-off artist!'

'Yeah! Fancy bouncin' cheques on us! Bleedin' sauce! There! That'll learn ya!'

The taller of the two black girls, fetchingly attired in black leather thigh boots and pink rubber miniskirt, brings her knee into Charles' groin, and he promptly doubles up in agony beside the hallstand.

'How dare you assault my husband, you common little slut!' shrieks Henrietta, wrestling both girls to the floor in an X-rated re-evocation of a Hollywood bar-room catfight.

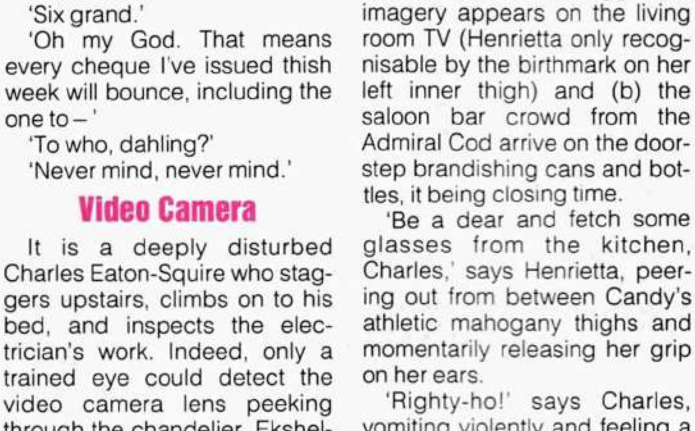
It is at this precise moment that (a) some startlingly lurid imagery appears on the living room TV (Henrietta only recognisable by the birthmark on her left inner thigh) and (b) the saloon bar crowd from the Admiral Cod arrive on the doorstep brandishing cans and bottles, it being closing time.

'Be a dear and fetch some glasses from the kitchen, Charles,' says Henrietta, peering out from between Candy's athletic mahogany thighs and momentarily releasing her grip on her ears.

'Righty-ho!' says Charles, vomiting violently and feeling a jolly sight better for it.

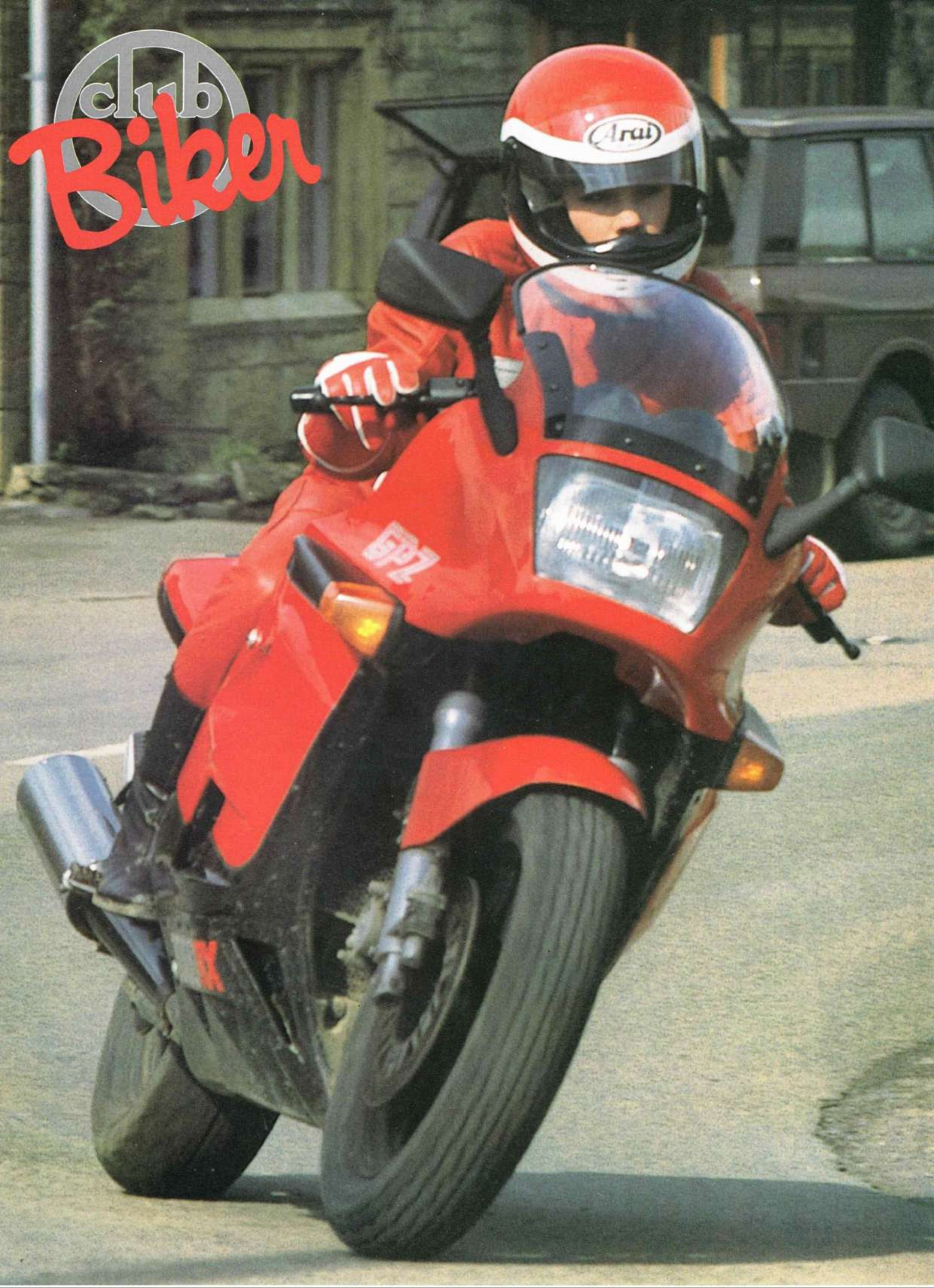
'Ugh! The state of your bog, Charles!' complains Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte.

'LOVE the late night movie, Henrietta!' shrieks Miranda Blashford-Smith from the living room . . .



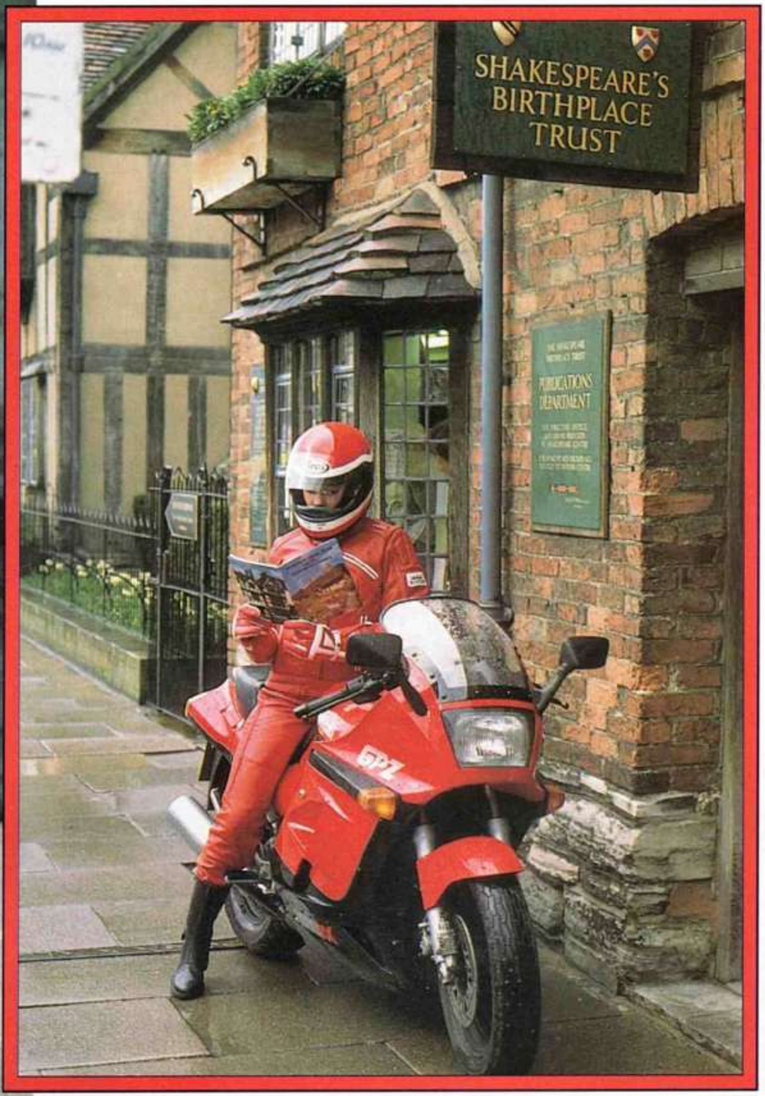
I swear he can see

club Biker



MASTER BLASTER

Photographs by Dave Antony



Kawasaki have stated that their GPZ1000RX will be the fastest motor cycle they will ever make. I don't know whether to be disappointed or relieved!

We have here a bike that can do 0-100mph in the time it takes to pour a cup of coffee, and which can cruise all day at twice the legal limit without getting the slightest bit ruffled. There's so much power trying to reach the road, an excess of clutch slip away from traffic lights will result only in the back wheel spinning as the massive rear tyre fights for traction.

In other words, it goes a bit.

The disappointment in thinking this might be the fastest Kawasaki we'll ever see – maybe even the fastest of all road bikes? – comes from the fact that I spent two weeks with this bike trying to find its limit and never quite got there. Every ride was a new adventure.

The relief? Well, I'm sure a lot of road testers will be thankful they won't have to speed test bikes which might be able to do something like 170mph on a test strip that was never intended for such crazy speeds. As it is, the Kawasaki will nudge 160; and, quite honestly, anybody who wants to ride faster than that needs his or her head looking at.

But don't go getting the impression the GPZ is some uncontrollable monster – it's not. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. The reassuring thing about this particular bike is that it was *designed* to handle its mind-blowing power output, and it shows. No matter how quickly I rode, the big Kawasaki refused to ruffle its feathers. Frankly, it made a mockery of speed limits in this country, being able to do 70mph in *first* gear. Cruising along in top gear at that speed was like going backwards.

The riding position is biased towards high-speed riding, with slightly rear-set footrests and low bars enabling the rider to tuck in behind the aerodynamically brilliant fairing. But city riding is fuss-free; with 16-inch wheels front *and* back, it's child's play even for a relative shortie like me to put both feet firmly on the deck, and the bike is still slim enough to filter through clogged-up lanes of traffic.

But the real bonus when riding through town on the GPZ is that fat rear tyre. I was amazed (at first) at how I could slow down to a standstill – at a Pelican crossing, for example – without having to take my feet off the rests. It soon became my party trick!

That big lump of rubber certainly inspired a lot of confidence when the going got quick, too.

Talking of going quick, the bike goes round fast corners like it's on

Kawasaki
GPZ
1000RX
Kawasaki
Kawasaki
RX

rails. And a superb front end plays no small part in this. The front suspension reminded me a lot of the Honda Aspencade's...and that's intended to be a compliment. Although a lot firmer, it had the same excellent damping qualities of the big Honda's set-up, and mid-corner bumps or potholes weren't the hazard they might otherwise have been. Although the forks on the Kawasaki are air-assisted, the recommended setting is zero psi – and that is indeed where they perform best. That begs the question: why bother with the bloody air, then...?

I also liked the Uni-Trak rear suspension, which coped with the added weight of a passenger without misbehaving itself.

With or without a passenger, I don't think I've ever covered ground so quickly as I did on the GPZ. As I've said, it's so easy and (usually) safe to go fast on this particular beast – not to mention good fun, too. The 16-valve motor is massively flexible; it'll pull cleanly from 30mph in top gear (sixth) all the way to oblivion.

But for real power, it's best to keep the revs spinning over four grand – just under 70mph in top. Then, it'll fly, accompanied by a throaty bark from the exhausts.

Even when parked, the GPZ looks like its doing the ton. The sleek, bright red bodywork with its integrated indicators and the upswept race-style exhausts indicate just one thing – speed. Other bikers stared admiringly, some with more than a hint of envy in their eye. Well, *of course* I pretended it was mine – wouldn't you?

Petrol consumption was a mixed bag. My average of nearly 41mpg included one reading of 32.22mpg, which was mainly achieved in town, and another of a pubic hair's width under 50. That was made possible by changing into top gear as soon as possible and using the flexibility of the engine rather than humming up and down the gearbox. Just goes to show – your right wrist really does control your wallet. After a quick check on the oil level at the end of the test – there's a sight glass on the side of the sump case – the bike took less than a pint of liquid gold to bring it back to a healthy level.

Nice, practical touches abound on the GPZ. Either side of the pillion seat, there are two retractable hooks on which to attach bungee hooks: if you've ever seen what these hooks can do to a bike's paintwork, you'll appreciate Kawasaki's gesture. Likewise the retractable passenger grab rail behind the seat, which tucks away for maximum aerodynamic effect. And what a pleasant change to see a usable tool kit on a Jap bike.

It hasn't escaped bikers' attention that the GPZ1000 costs quite a bit more than its little brother, the 900. Is it worth the extra money? What's the difference?

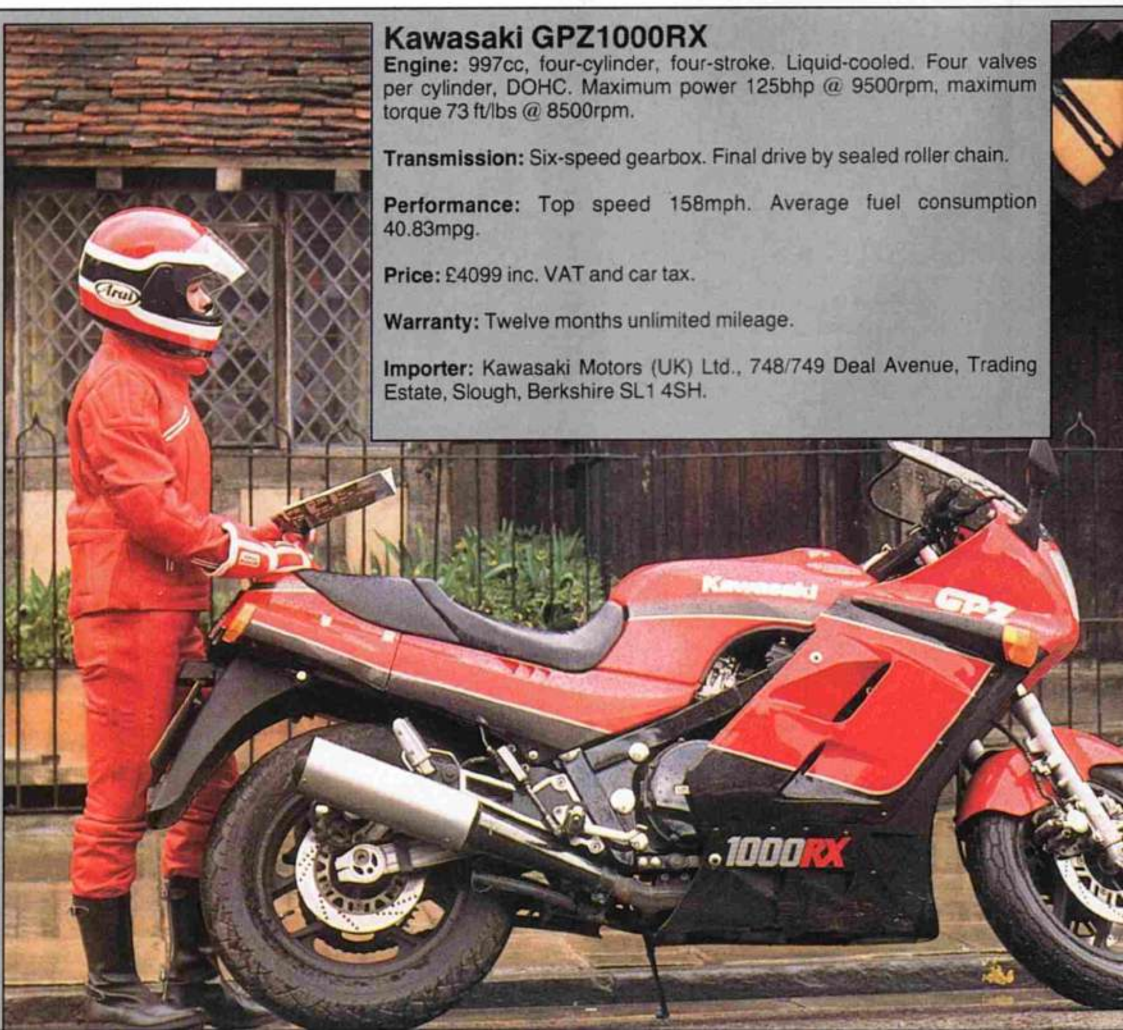
Well, I've only ever had a brief run on the 900, but the bikes are very different. Everything about the 900 is taut, stiff and geared up towards fast roadwork. It has a harsh feel to it, and the performance can best be summed up as brutal.

The 1000, by comparison, is more civilized. It runs much smoother, and is easier to handle at low speeds due to a less radical riding position. And while the 900 is actually the more torquey of the two, the 1000's power delivery gives a top speed bonus. The bigger bike is definitely the better machine. And that's saying something.

The only items I'd single out for a complaint worth mentioning are the mirrors. The fairing-mounted ones on the Kawasaki are next to useless. I *know* I have very pretty elbows, but I'd rather I could see something else – like the road, for example – when I look in my mirrors. Besides, I like to see cars disappearing into the distance when you pass them going 80mph faster than they are!

And it's that ability to give its rider such big thrills and the confidence to travel so quickly which I would rate as the GPZ's biggest plus point. It's my Bike of the Year so far, despite some pretty stiff competition, but there are a few crackers to come yet. Watch this space, boys... *Dawn Beaven*

Dawn's Jumbo International 'Sierra' jacket (£165.84), 'Remo' dungarees (£177.36) and gloves (£19.85) supplied by sole UK importers: Lloyd Bros (Scotland) Ltd., Peacock Cross, Hamilton ML3 9BG. Jumbo International clothing available from selected dealers throughout the UK. Arai 'Wes Cooley' helmet (£129.95) supplied by Rivetts of London Ltd., 234/6/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.



Kawasaki GPZ1000RX

Engine: 997cc, four-cylinder, four-stroke. Liquid-cooled. Four valves per cylinder, DOHC. Maximum power 125bhp @ 9500rpm, maximum torque 73 ft/lbs @ 8500rpm.

Transmission: Six-speed gearbox. Final drive by sealed roller chain.

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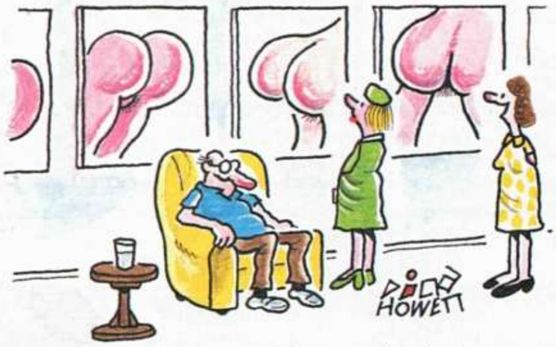
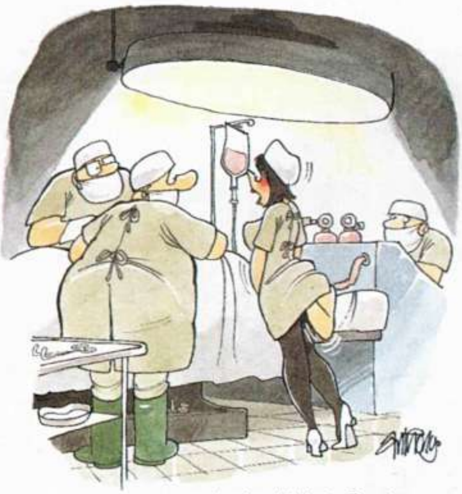
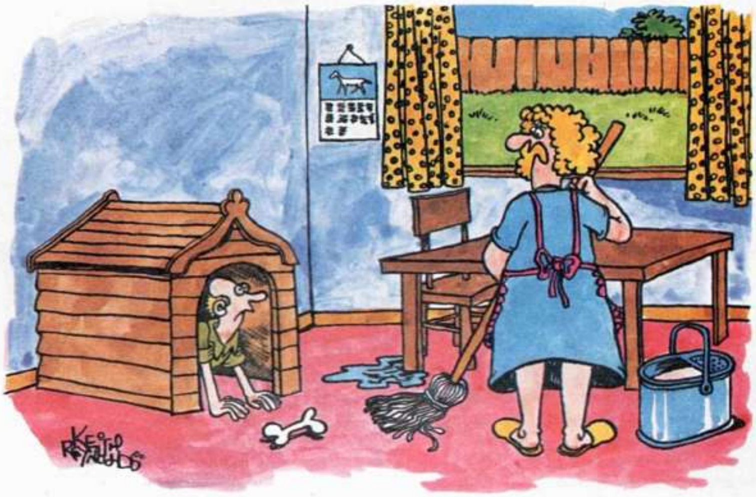


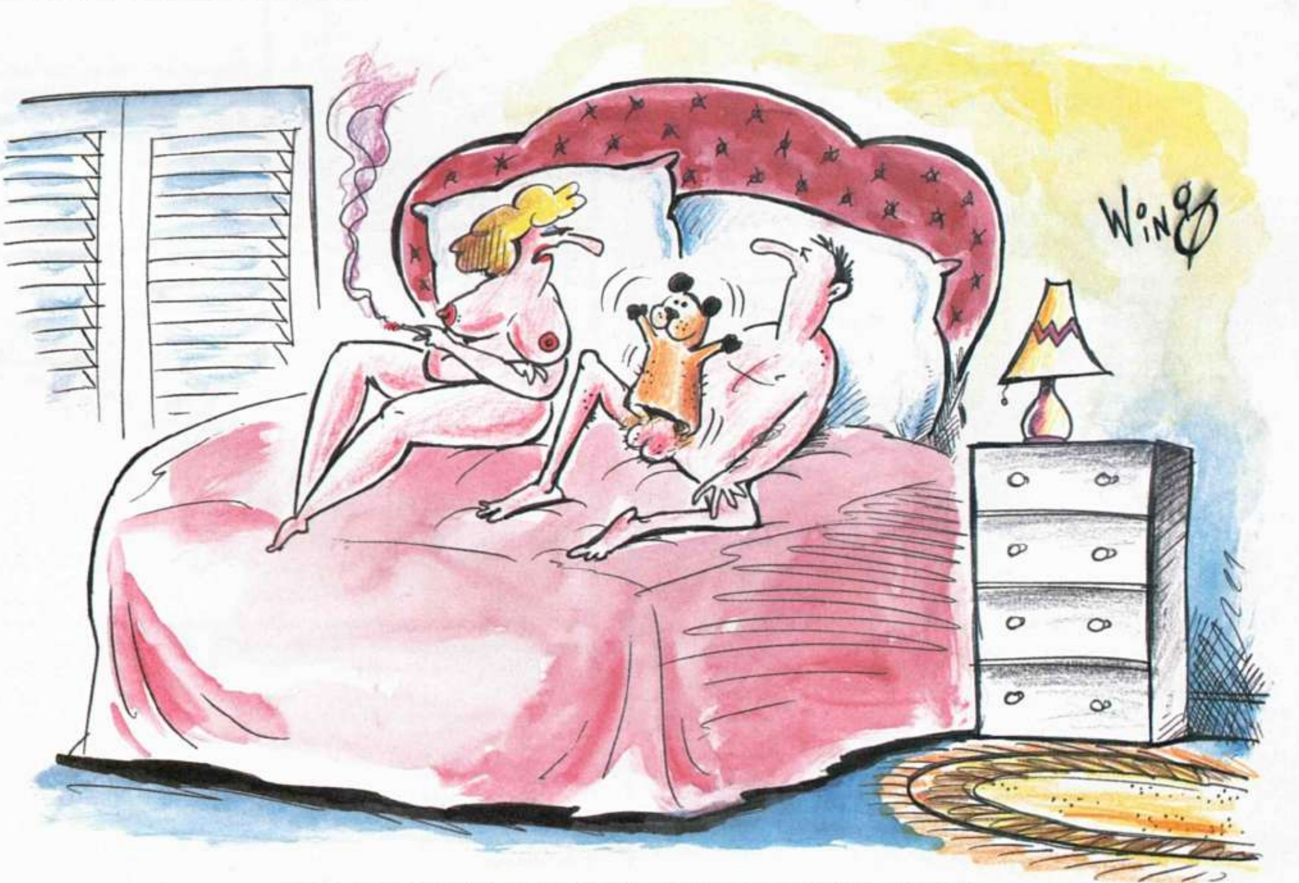
He may know nothing about art, but he knows what he likes



A little more anaesthetic, I think, Doctor



Sometimes I wish I'd never married a bleedin' werewolf!



I know the doctor told us to put more fun into our sex life, Roger, but . . .

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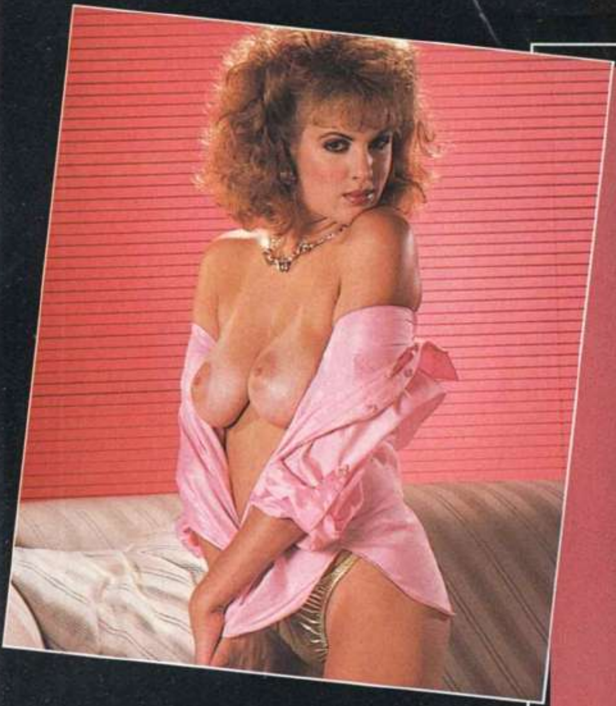

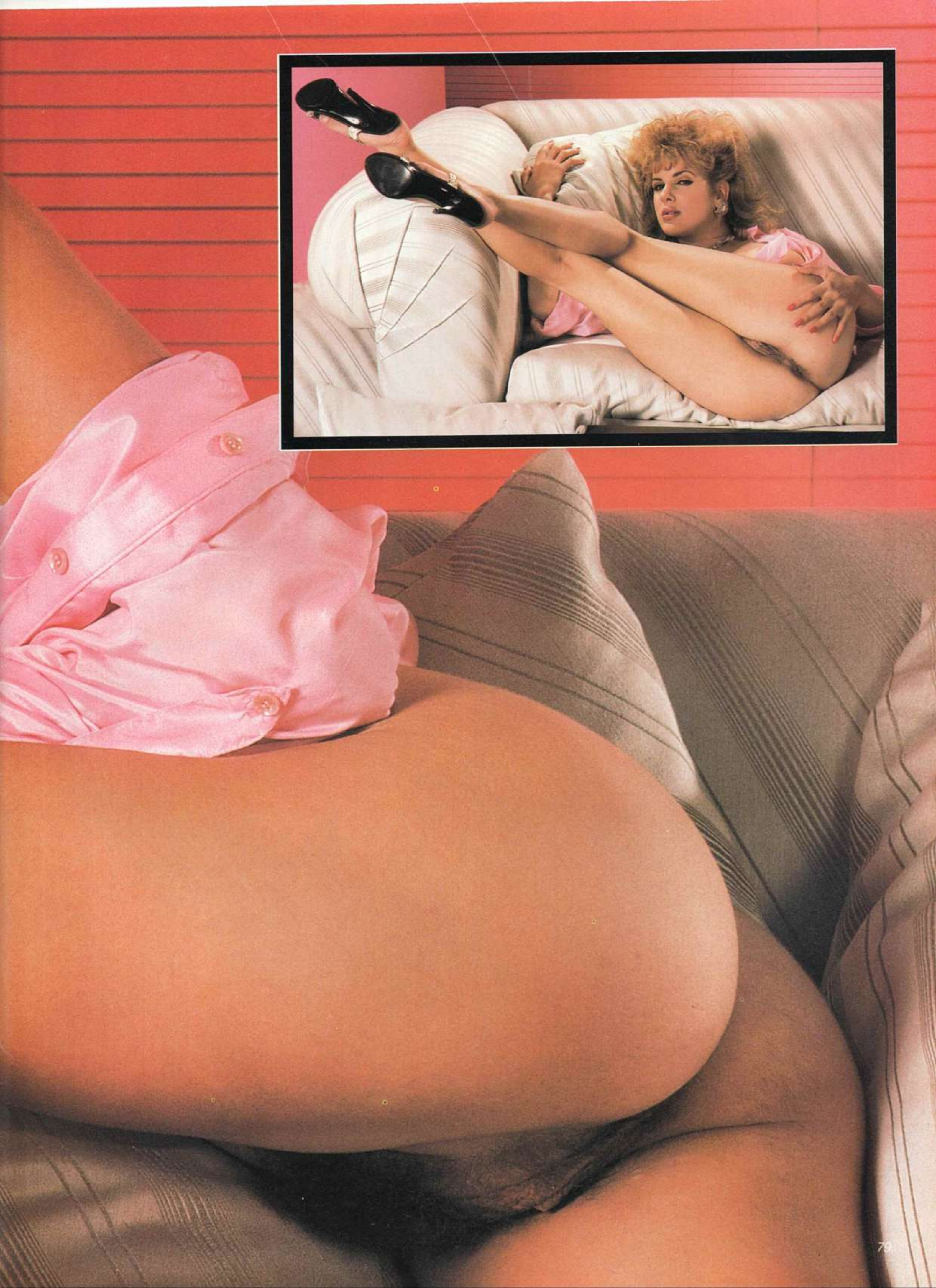

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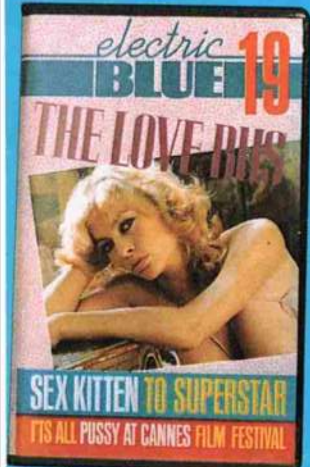

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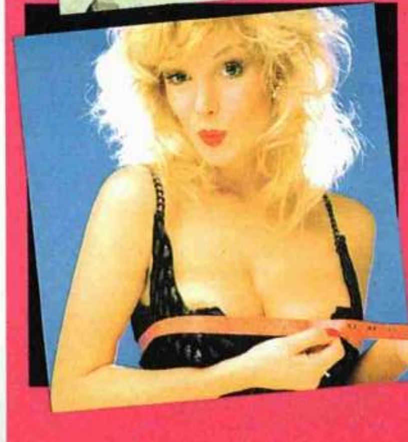

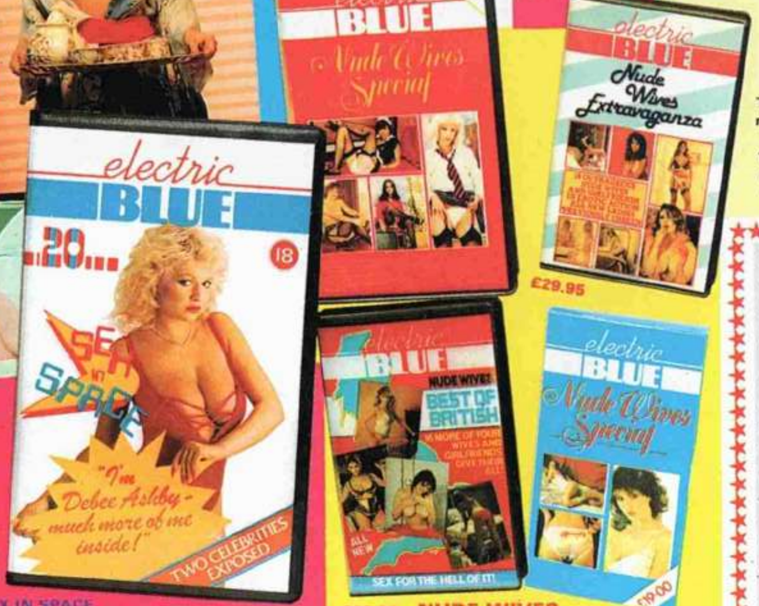
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When Sylvia takes a shine to the man from Menswear, it's only a matter of time before she's able to get the measure of his inside leg . . .

Do you ever have fantasies about people? I don't mean the schoolgirl-type crushes you get on pop stars, but real, full-blown sexual dreams about people from your own everyday life – a workmate, or the dark-haired guy you see each morning on the bus.

I do. Just lately it's gone out of control, because my everyday daydream is about just the one guy – Jon, who'd just started working in our Menswear Department. I spotted him last week when I had to go to Refunds – medium height, and blond with a really handsome face.

When I discovered he took the early lunch I swapped with Maggie, So, for the past few weeks now,. I've been mooning after him in the canteen, my eyes following his lazy swagger as he weaves in and out of the tables, praying he'll come and sit on mine.

One day last week, he sat facing me on the next table and I was able to give him my undivided attention because he was reading a newspaper and the girls were poring over some mail order catalogue. I watched as he put food into his mouth and noticed the nice, pearly white teeth. I wondered what they would feel like nibbling my nipples.

His hands were large, with neatly-trimmed nails, just the way I liked it: nothing worse than sharp nails digging into your skin and interrupting any passionate moments. I couldn't take my eyes off him and began to mentally undress him.

I decided I'd take him in the stockroom cupboard. It didn't have any windows and always felt warm, snug and secure because it was crammed full of clothes.

I imagined undoing the flies of his impeccable dark blue suit and watching the trousers fall to the ground. As he stepped out of them I'd start working on his boxer shorts. I loved boxer shorts. The men in my fantasies always wore 'em. Then I imagined him fucking me.

He'd kneel down beside me and tear the clothes off my back. Naked together, we'd make a bed of the piles of winter coats. His hot breath would warm my chilled body, and, as he entered me, I'd stifle a cry of ecstasy as . . .

'Coming, Sylvia?' Linda's voice interrupted me before I could climax! Feeling really let down, I trudged wearily after the others back to the department. I couldn't help giving a last backward look over my shoulder at Jon. Funny, he chose just that second to glance up from his paper and our eyes locked.

That did it! I'd just have to get him into bed. But how?

Provocatively

The answer came just two days later. Miss Harris asked me to do a stock check, and, as I barged into the stockroom, there was Jon, also armed with a list of items for checking.

'Hi.' I tried to sound nonchalant but my heart was thudding like mad.

'New here, aren't you? I'm Sylvia.' I stuck out my hand so he'd have to shake it. And as his large paw gripped mine, I made sure I held on as long as possible. When he finally withdrew, I let my fingers trail off his palm, caressing them slightly.

His eyes narrowed, then a huge grin lit up his face. 'I'm Jon,' he replied. *Yeah, I already know that*, I thought. I let my eyes wander provocatively down to the front of his trousers and stay there, knowing he was still watching me.

I guess I just knew he was game for it. So I strode to the stockroom door and locked it from inside. When I got back to him he'd already taken off his jacket, but I stopped him from stripping further.

'Let me,' I pleaded softly. 'I love this bit . . .' And I began to loosen his tie, which I finally threw over my shoulder. Next came his shirt, which opened to reveal a broad, hairless chest. All this time, he'd been standing doing nothing, so I quickly pulled off my top and brought his mouth down to my boobs. 'Suck them!' I ordered.

Then my hands felt under the belt of his trousers and I undid them. Inside his underpants, I could see his huge throbbing machine, waiting to break out. With one tug, I pulled his pants down and his huge cock broke out – like a jack-in-a-box.

I wriggled quickly out of the rest of my clothes, leaving on my crutchless tights – I wasn't wearing any knickers. Then I pulled him down on to the carpet. He'd released my breasts now and his tongue had begun tracing a pattern down my stomach to my pussy, where it lingered and licked at my cunt.

I could feel my knees quivering as his tongue found my clit. Meanwhile, my hands had started to gently massage his balls. His column seemed to grow even harder, and I felt a warm juice between my legs. I wanted to suck and cajole his prick for ever, but I knew somebody'd miss us soon. So I sat astride Jon's chest and then I crouched above his knob.

Oh-so-slowly, I began to lower myself. Firstly his glans caressed my lips and then I slowly lowered myself down and he slipped in. Then I began a rhythmic movement, bouncing up and down and getting more frantic.

Up till now, I'd led Jon along, but he suddenly grabbed me around the waist. Making sure his cock was still inside me, he began to stand up. He leaned against a wall and my bum was balanced on his hands, which were also helping me to keep up the pulsating, pumping drive.

He plunged deeper and deeper into me as my panting got heavier and more ragged. Then he suddenly made a huge growling noise, which started in his chest, went up his throat and broke forth from his mouth. I imagined his own love cream making a similar journey, but in a downward direction. And as he growled so his sperm also ejaculated inside me . . .

But I wasn't quite ready. Still riding Jon like mad, my panting became uncontrollable until finally my own come merged with his. I was out of breath and flopped into his arms. Gently, Jon lowered me to the ground. Our juices merged and trickled out of my vagina.

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Still breathing heavily, I managed to wriggle out of my tights and used them to wipe my cunny down.

'We'd best get dressed quickly,' Jon urged. And in next to no time we both looked spruce and neat again; except I was minus my tights, which were now screwed into my skirt pocket.

'Sylvia!' The supervisor's voice could be heard three seconds before she bustled into the stockroom. 'Ah, there you are.' She suddenly sniffed the still, warm air. 'There's a funny smell in here. It reminds me of a fresh fish stall: most peculiar. I'll get the cleaners in here tomorrow.'

I caught Jon's expression out of the corner of my eye and tried hard to hold down my giggles. 'Anyway,' she went on, 'I need you back in the department in five minutes, Sylvia.' And with that she bustled out.

I didn't have a sex fantasy about Jon ever again. I didn't need to. We meet in the stockroom every lunchtime.

Sylvia, West Bromwich

Andrea has her first taste of voyeurism, involving a pair of French knickers and a shy neighbour...

I live in a terraced house with a small garden from which it's possible to see right down the row of gardens to the end of the street. I've been there about five months and, as I'm at home all day with a small child, I've got to know most of the neighbours.

Next door to me, there's a widower with a son, a single man in his late 30s, who, according to the local gossips, hardly ever has lady friends and is very shy, devoting his life to looking after his elderly father. I was keen to get to know this angel of virtue, but every time he saw me in the garden or the street, he'd bid me a quick hello, then scuttle away. But this guy – Tim – has a guilty secret, which I've recently discovered...

It was a fine day and I'd done a pile of washing, which I'd hung on the line. It included not only my child's things, but a whole load of my underwear – I'd just about run out of panties. There wasn't enough room on the line for everything, so, after a couple of hours, I went outside to see if anything was dry yet ... and caught sight of Tim, gazing over the fence.

He looked guilty when he saw me, and turned to go in, but I stopped him. 'How come you're not at work?' I asked him, and he told me he'd been made redundant. I made the appropriate sympathetic noises, took some washing in and put some more out. But later that afternoon when I went out again, I noticed something strange; there was a gap on the clothes line where a pair of very nice white French knickers which were a present from Dave, my husband, had been hanging.

At first, I thought maybe they'd blown off, and searched for them among the bushes. Then I had to face up to the fact that they really had vanished.

French Knickers

It was some time before the suspicion struck home. That look of longing on Tim's face... Yet I couldn't quite believe it, and couldn't decide what to do. I didn't feel I could knock on his door and openly accuse him of having stolen them, so, in the end, I decided to sneak down the alleyway, through his back gate and see if I could discover any evidence. The old man was bed-ridden and lived upstairs, so he was unlikely to see me.

My heart thumping madly, I crept down Tim's garden path, and, very cautiously, peered round the curtain of the back room. My detective work was more than rewarded by the sight of Tim, standing in front of a full-length wall mirror wearing nothing but my French knickers! Not only that, but he was slowly rubbing his hand up and down over his groin and it didn't need X-ray eyes to tell that he had a large, firm erection.

My first feeling was one of furious indignation. These were my best panties! How dare he stuff his great, hairy cock and balls into them, and maybe leak come on to them and soil them, too? Had he been planning to pop them back on the line later? In which case I may have worn them and never known? Ugh!

Yet, at the same time, there was something weirdly thrilling about watching him. He had a lovely body, with neat, muscular buttocks and well-shaped legs and he was obviously really getting off on the feel of his well-endowed gland encased in soft, smooth satin. I decided to watch for a bit longer.

His hand movements began to get faster. He was really rubbing himself up and getting harder by the second, his penis pushing at the thin material. Even from my distance, I could see a large wet spot where his eager glans had let a few drops of sperm trickle out. In spite of my indignation, I felt a familiar, wet heat between my legs and my nipples started to tingle and press against the tight lace of my bra. Nothing remotely like this had ever happened to me before, and being a clandestine voyeur was exciting me out of my mind.

Watching him play with himself – rubbing, then gripping himself and tightly squeezing his hard handful, then rubbing his finger and thumb rapidly against the bulging tip, then back to stroking his full eight-inch length again – was making me burn and ache between my legs. I longed to feel that big prick press itself up between my thighs, part my swollen labia and thrust deep, deep inside me.

Unable to stand the aching any longer, I put my right hand up my skirt and squeezed my mound tight. But that wasn't satisfying enough, so I pulled my knickers down a bit, hooked my fingers over my pubic bump and slid them into my wet, wide hole that was hungering to be filled with something – *anything*. I began a pleasurable in-out movement, then turned my attention to the window again – and gave a gasp. My neighbour was no longer standing with his back to me, but had come over to the window and was standing facing me; the pink, bulging head of his penis peeking out from the waistband of the satin knickers.

Eyes closed, he took that huge, smooth tip between finger and thumb and began to stroke and squeeze and I watched as a large, pear-like globule of semen formed on the tip, then rolled down his shaft, staining my underwear.

I began frigging myself uncontrollably as he maintained a steady wanking motion. As his hand moved faster up and down his shaft, so did my fingers thrust deeper and faster inside my dripping hole. I was so wet that my love juices were running down my wrist. I saw a spasm of ecstasy cross Tim's face – and then his come burst out in single, squirting jets, up and over his stomach and down, welling in a spreading wet patch down the front of my French knickers.

Groaning aloud, I gave myself one final thrust and came,

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jamming my clitty hard against my wrist and clamping my thighs together as the wonderful rhythmic ripples spread through my womb. Weak-legged, I crept away ... and next time I looked on my washing line, my knickers had been replaced. Stealthily, I sniffed them, hoping for that tangy male odour, but he'd rinsed them, the spoilsport. I still don't know if he saw me, but I can't wait for washing day to come round again. This time, I'll hang out my grey silk French knickers, to see if he fancies them as much. I think they could be just his style. Will he guess that I know his secret? I'll never let on – so long as he lets me go on peeping!

Andrea, Stoke-on-Trent

Yvonne achieves sexual fulfilment – despite a crippling disability . . .

When I read John from Liverpool's story about losing his legs (Vol 15 No 3), it struck a chord and I felt I had to write to you.

I am only 19. Two years ago I was involved in an accident when I was riding pillion on a motor scooter, as a result of which I had my right leg amputated just above the knee.

For more than a year, while I learned to walk on an artificial leg, I was in the blackest despair. All my friends were going to discos and parties and enjoying themselves, while I knew I'd never dance again – and, even worse, that no boy would want to know me. I felt a freak.

My mates were great and kept on inviting me out with them, but I wouldn't go. I knew people would stare as I lurched around, and I didn't want people – especially boys – to talk to me out of pity.

But you get bored staying in doing nothing, so I accepted an invitation to a picnic in the country, knowing that at least, there, I wouldn't be expected to dance!

There were seven of us and we set off in two cars, me in a front seat to accommodate my artificial leg. I knew most of the people, but there were two boys and one girl I didn't know.

The picnic spot was arranged so I wouldn't have too far to walk, and we were in a lovely field on the edge of some woods. I sat on the bank as it was easier, and the others passed me food. A boy, Ken, came and sat beside me. He was easy to talk to and I liked him a lot. He was curious about my leg, and wanted to see it, so I rolled up my jeans' leg and showed him.

After we'd eaten, people started drifting off in pairs and I was left with Ken and one girl, who soon made herself scarce. I thought Ken would have gone off with her, but instead he stayed with me and we were soon necking. I was hot and burning in no time, as I hadn't been near a male for so long; the guy who'd been in the accident with me was my lover, but we'd split up while I was in hospital.

Ken said he wanted to screw me and he didn't mind about my leg. He opened my shirt and exposed my breasts and I could feel the wetness creeping over my panties and soaking through the crotch of my jeans as he sucked at my rigid nipples.

I was in a state of moaning lust as he peeled my jeans carefully past my appliance. By this time, I had my hand on his thick, fleshy cock and the sight of the straps buckling my artificial leg on made him grow stiffer still.

He said he wanted me to take it off, but I refused as it would have taken too long and I wanted to get down to fucking. So there I was, spread on a grassy bank wearing nothing but a pair of white cotton briefs round one ankle; and there he was, his briefs still on and a dirty great erection poking out over the top.

I bent my head and sucked his knob, tasting the sweetness of his slippery juice which was oozing out. When I cupped his balls, they tightened in my hand and I gently stroked their furry hair until he groaned and said I mustn't or he'd come.

I was torn between wanting to see him come, and wanting him between my thighs before anybody got back. He got down between my legs, nuzzling my half-leg, and began to lick my cunt. I was so hot, I could smell my own musk.

Sheer Bliss

He pulled my labia apart and got his tongue really deep inside while I squirmed about against his face. Then his mouth and chin were covering my lips in my own juices as he crammed his thick prick up me. I lay still while he drove in and out, levering himself on his hands, careful not to touch my damaged limb. Every movement was sheer bliss and I felt myself creaming up more and more and drenching his cock with pent-up love fluid.

I played with my nipples – squeezing them, pinching them – then rubbed my hands hard over my breasts. His movements inside me began to quicken and I started to pant as I rocked my hips to the rhythm of his strokes. He was penetrating me deep, right to the hilt, so that his balls banged against my fanny. I reached between my legs and started to squeeze his hairy sperm sacks and felt his body shudder and jerk. He began to come, squirting his seed into me with such force that I could feel the jets against the walls of my vagina. And then I came, crying out and shuddering from head to foot.

We heard voices, so I hastily pulled up my jeans and shoved my abandoned panties in my pocket. But, of course, his spunk gushed out of my hole as soon as I moved, so it looked as if I'd peed myself and I had to pretend I'd spilt my lemonade.

I see a lot of Ken now and he has made love to me without my artificial limb. In fact, he says he prefers it and the sight of my stump doesn't put him off at all. He's convinced I can get my legs wider apart than other girls because of my disability, and the fact that he is always rock hard the moment I lift my skirt is proof that an amputee need not despair of ever having sex again.

We play sex games sometimes, too. Ken threatens to hide my leg: he takes it out of the room, just for a joke, so that I am helpless. Then he gives me a list of instructions about what I have to do – play with myself while he watches, put my fingers inside myself and lick my juices (that practically makes him come in his pants), then he kneels over me and makes me suck his hardening cock until I can taste his juice. That's when I know he's ready to fuck me. By then, my juices are soaking my pussy fur and we have a screw that lasts an entire afternoon, until we're exhausted and he restores my mobility!

Yvonne, Warwickshire.

club Chance would be a fine thing!

Do you ever look at the girls who grace our pages every month, and marvel at the composition of their shapely bodies? Don't lie, because we *know* you do.

Well, bodies like that don't just happen, you know. Take this month's *Club Chance* subject, Penny, for example. She's crazy about dancing. And that's one hell of a way to keep in shape.

'When I go to a night club or a party or whatever,' she tells us, 'I usually dance till I drop. It's a mega-good way of shaking off any pain-in-the-neck guy who latches on to me, because he usually falls by the wayside long before I do!'

Penny's very together shape is also partly attributable to her water activities. But we're not talking about floating on a lilo or poking a big toe into the sea at Bridlington – this five foot six brunette from Luton is a lifeguard. Reports of male swimmers feigning drowning at the swimming pool where Penny works in between modelling assignments have been greatly under-exaggerated.

'It *has* happened a couple of times,' admits Penny. 'But it means I can get in a bit of extra practice. If it's the kiss of life they're looking for, though, they're usually disappointed; they're more likely to have me pummelling their stomach to clear their lungs of water. I always make sure the bullshitters get an extra-hard pummel . . .'

As well as saving a few more lives, Penny's plans for the future include making it to the top as a model. 'And I'm well on the way with an appearance in Club International, aren't I?' she smiles.

Well, you said it, Pen!

Photographs by Ian Potter

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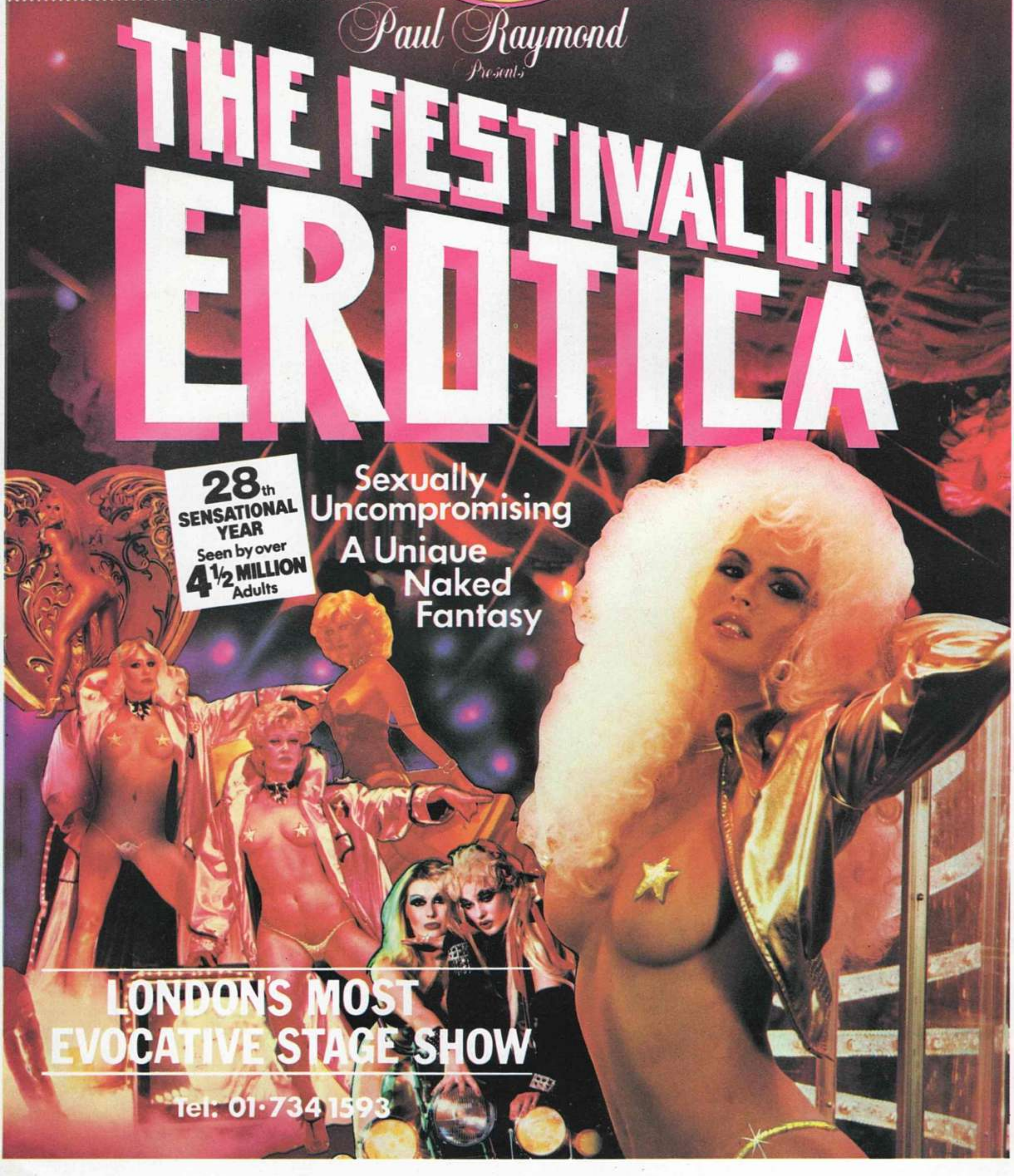

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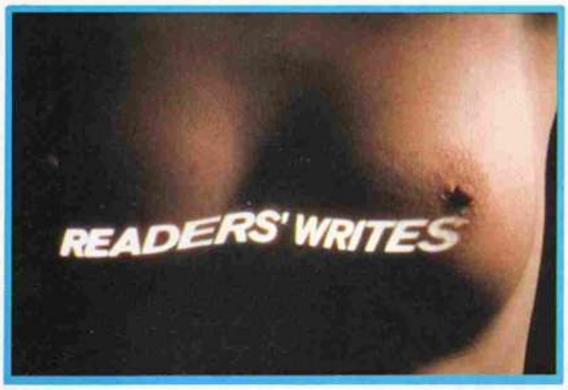

continued from page 7

tum. Pushing me down on the edge of the bath, she stepped, fully-dressed, into the bath. She took my straining cock between her pink-lipsticked lips. She sucked and licked it expertly until I could feel my juices starting to run.

Well, I wanted a closer look at her body, to which her wet silk blouse was clinging pretty tightly. I unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her bra down over her shoulders to reveal two gorgeous plump, tanned breasts with beautiful plum-pink nipples already thrusting up their heads. I gently squeezed and milked her breasts until the nipples were like small, ripe grapes beneath my fingers. My right hand started exploring under her soaking skirt. It soon found its goal, where the silk of her stockings gave way and a small, very wet pair of panties failed to cover a swollen and bushy mound.

Her tongue deep in my mouth, I carried her out of the bath and unfastened her skirt. We dropped to the floor. I pulled off her panties and buried my face in her blonde fur. My tongue sought out her already stiff clit and as I lapped hungrily at it, I felt waves of delight run through her body. She took my cock in her mouth again, moaning as she sucked. And as my tongue ran up and down between her thick, swollen, red lips, savouring her juices, I could feel her writhing and raking my buttocks with her long, pink nails. 'Oh, God! Yes!' she moaned in Dutch. She came with violent moans of pleasure.

'Oh, God; I want you inside me,' she said. I could see the blonde mat of hair, wet with her juices running right round in her crack and this, with her hanging, pink-tipped tits, drove me wild. Taking one of these golden globes in my hand, I guided my cock into her. I pressed in deeply and slowly. Then, as I went faster and faster, she groaned at each thrust until, out of control with my balls banging against her thighs, I cried aloud as I shot my load.

She turned over and I gazed enraptured at her blue eyes, smudged, pink lips and hair plastered with sweat. I kissed her, revelling in her taste, and plunged my face in her armpit to breathe in the smell of her passion.

She pulled me down and took my shrunken, sticky cock, kissing and licking it, sucking our mingled love juices until – surprise, surprise – I began to stiffen and grow. As she knelt over me, her strong thighs straddling me, I could see my come oozing from her purple lips and dripping through the glistening hairs on to my chest. Then she turned, and, with a smile, lowered her drooling pussy on to my straining and throbbing prick.

She certainly knew how to ride – gently at first, teasing as I raised my head to nibble and lick her nipples till they glowed in my mouth. And then harder and faster. And faster.

Her breasts were tossing and bouncing high above me like a proud Amazon queen of old, riding faster and wilder until, with a long cry of pleasure, she came in spasms which tore my insides into her cunt as I grasped her hips to pull myself deeper.

We curled up together and lay spent on the floor. Later, we washed each other and got dressed. I hope to see her again. But if she is typical of Dutch women, I have a lot of strenuous activity ahead of me.

CD, Amsterdam

Top Ten Corner

1 Selina Scott (Breakfast Time)
2 Samantha Fox (model)
3 Jan Leeming (newsreader)
4 Heather Locklear (actress)
5 Charlene (Vol 15 No 2)
6 Maggie Philbin (Tomorrow's World)
7 Julia Somerville (newsreader)
8 Victoria Principal (Dallas)
9 Linda Evans (Dynasty)
10 Lynda Carter (Wonder Woman)

Simon, Leeds

Lust In London

Your recent *Club Chance*, showing the girl in Covent Garden (Vol 15 No 2), brought to mind a fantastic memory of the time I was strolling through that particular part of town. I'd like to say the girl I met up with was like the one in Club, but she wasn't. Still, she had her anatomy in all the right places . . .

I was just down in the city for the day and I thought I'd check out Covent Garden as everybody reckoned it was *the* place to go. I was browsing through the stalls in the Piazza, thinking that I'd never hear the last of it if I didn't take my girlfriend back a pair of trendy earrings or something. The girl in charge of the stall asked if I wanted a pair for myself and I had to laugh – the guys down south may not mind sporting a lobe-dangler, but where I come from they'd laugh their heads off at anything other than the conventional gold sleeper or plain silver ring. No way was I ever going to be seen in the pub with an acrylic banana or a bronze ladybird dangling from my ear!

This sofa's made for loving . . .

I told the girl I was just choosing something for my girl back home and we got chatting. She asked me if I was on holiday and I told her I was just in town on business for a couple of days. Eventually I picked a pair of suitable earrings and said goodbye, making off to a nearby burger restaurant. It was a sunny day, so I decided to make the most of it and eat al fresco at one of the tables outside. There I was, munching into my burger when who should stroll by but the girl from the earring stall. She gave me a wave and just invited herself to sit down at my table – not that I had any objections, but I felt a bit embarrassed with a mouthful of burger and cucumber relish.

It's certainly true, as one of my mates once told me, that London girls don't hang about when it comes to letting you know what they want. It was pretty obvious this girl fancied me, so I wasn't too apprehensive about asking her if she had any plans for that evening. She was only too willing when I suggested a visit to the cinema.

So much for London sophistication, though . . . we were snogging and petting in the back row like two teenyboppers at a Rambo picture. The film we were watching – or half-watching – was quite a turn-on; some French thing with plenty of explicit *amour* to spice up the rather philosophical plot. Well, a few bouncing tits and the occasional flash of fanny always get me going. She reckoned I'd enjoy it for its deep analysis of human frailty and love, but I suspect she really rather enjoyed it for the raunchy bits.

Anyway, we had a quick chinky afterwards – for form's sake rather than anything else, I suspect, as I guessed we both had exactly the same thought in our minds. Sure enough, she invited me back to her flat for 'coffee'.

Well, she *did* make me a cup of coffee, but it nearly flew out all over the carpet when she suddenly made a grab for my flies while I was sitting on the sofa. No messing, she just slowly unzipped me and reached her hand inside my pants. God! Her fingers felt so cool and electric as they closed around my rock-hard prick. 'Fuck the Maxwell House,' I thought, as she bent her head down to suck me into her warm, wet mouth.

She sucked me for about ten long, slow minutes and all I could do was groan and stroke her hair. I was pretty close to coming, so I tapped her urgently on the shoulder for her to stop. She got the message clear enough, standing up and seeming to slip out of all her clothes in one continuous movement.

I was expecting to get on top of her when she lay down on the rug, but these London girls have their own ideas, obviously. Before I could get up from where I lay back on the sofa she just jumped on top of me, legs either side of my thighs and slipped my cock into her fanny. It was tight, wet and very hungry. She seemed to know exactly when I would be about to come because she would stop for a minute or so before carrying on her wild riding. That way she managed to spin it out for a good 15 minutes before she began to moan as her own orgasm rushed over her. Then I just let go and we both seemed to carry on coming for about a minute before she collapsed exhausted on me.

One of the best screws I've ever had.

Terry, Liverpool

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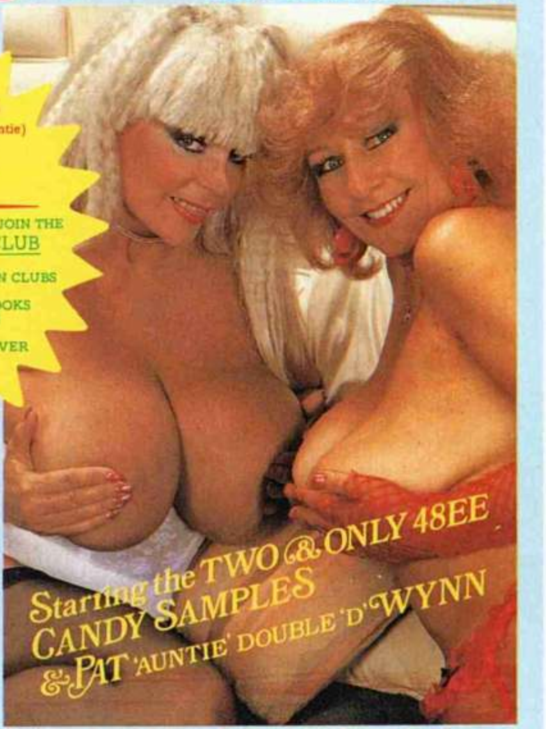
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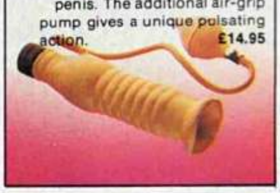

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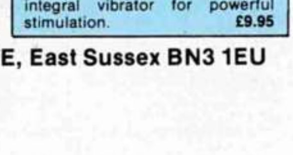

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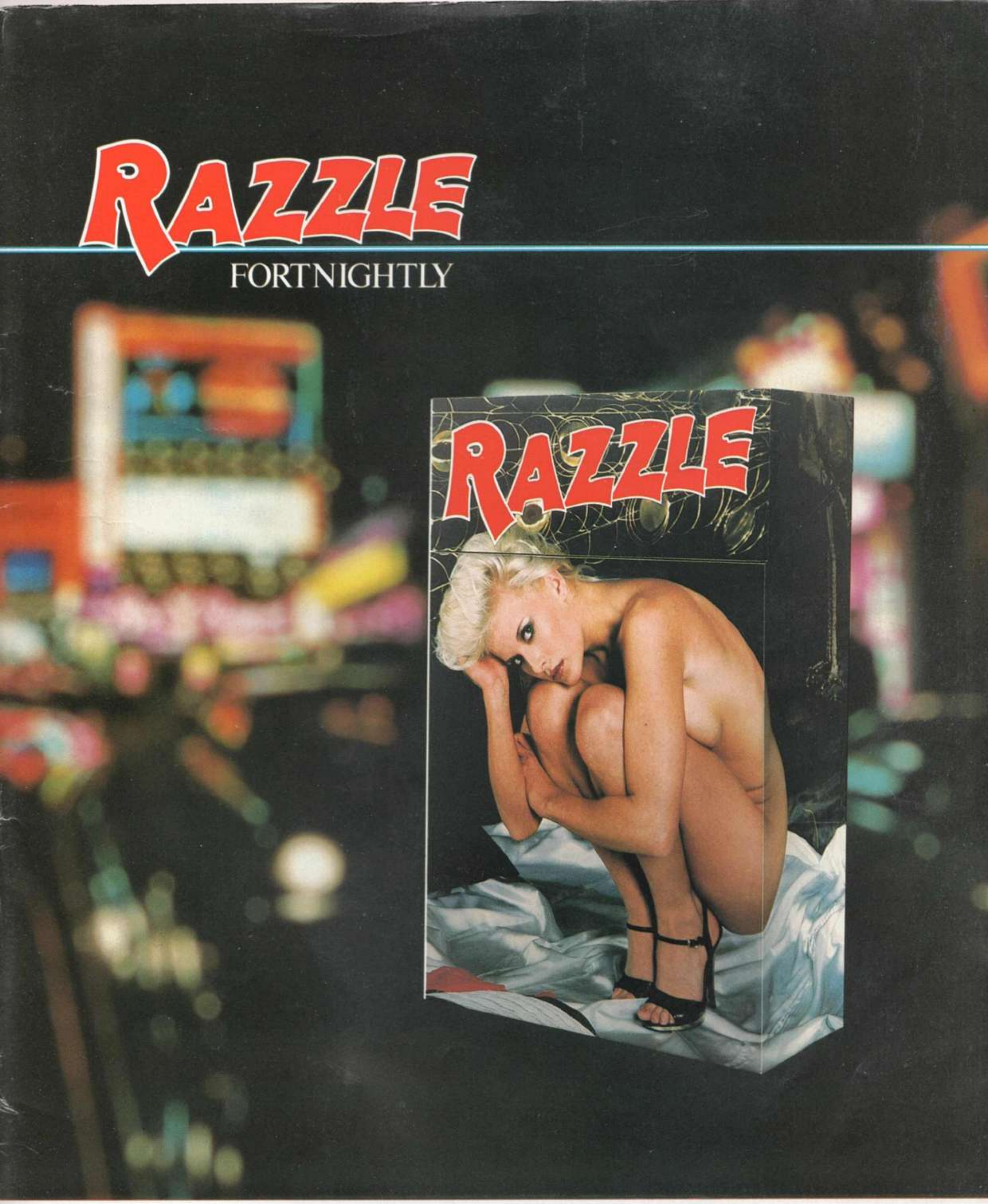

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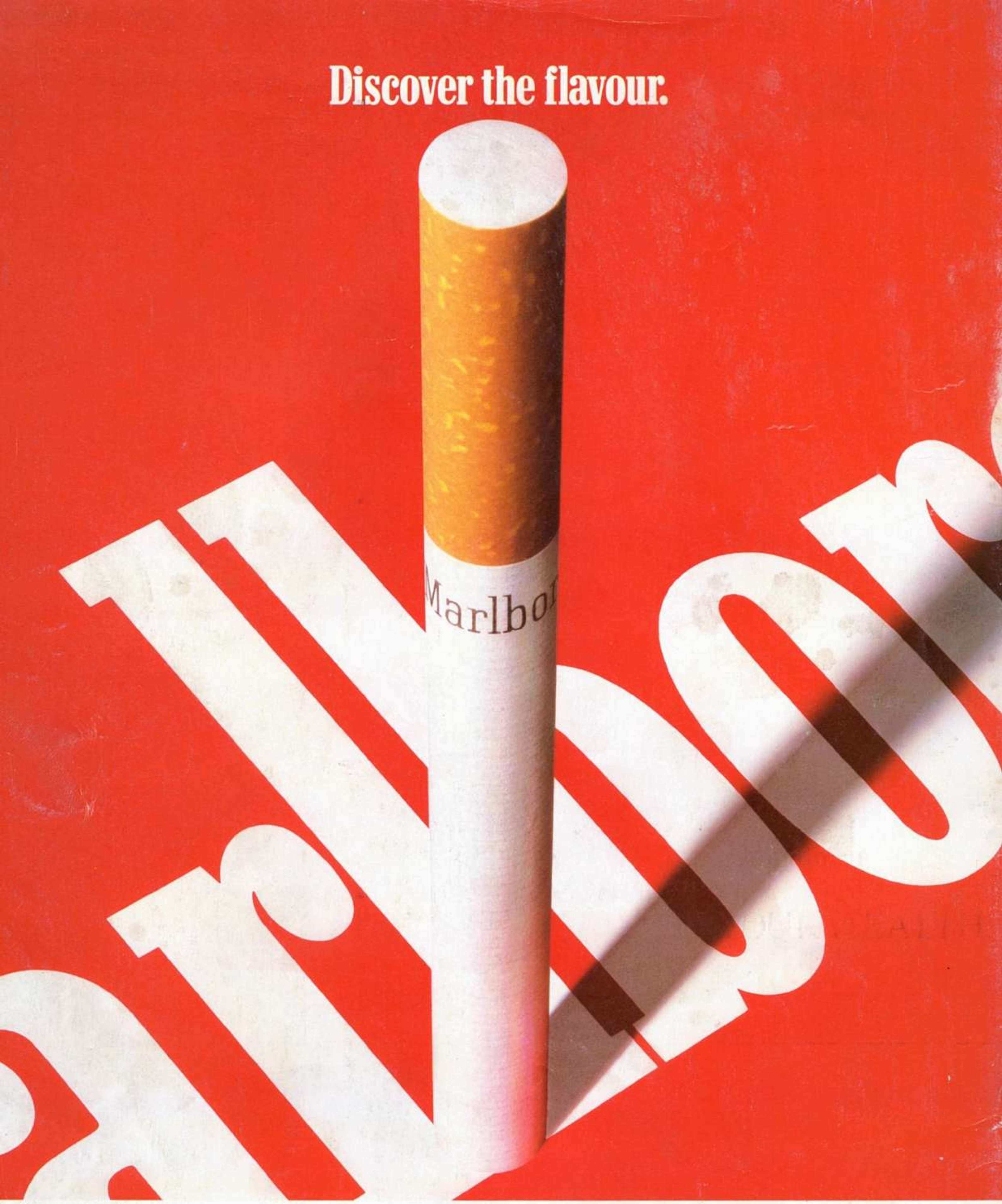

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